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A PROMPT AND ENTHUSIASTIC response has been made to *The Nation's* poll of its subscribers in the United States to learn their preferences among the candidates for President. Up to and including October 8, scarcely a week after the ballots were mailed, 6,414 votes had been received—mostly, of course, from east of the Mississippi River. Of these Smith (Democrat) has 3,338 votes; Thomas (Socialist) 1,401; Hoover (Republican) 1,227; Foster (Communist) 231; Will Rogers (Anti-Bunk) 14; Varney (Prohibition) 9; Reynolds (Socialist-Labor) 7. In 187 cases ballots were returned stating that the recipients were undecided. Half of the total return as of October 8 was from New York State, where Smith had 1,771 votes, Thomas 783, Hoover 406, Foster 156. Illinois gives 362 votes to Smith, 194 to Hoover, and 154 to Thomas, while Massachusetts gives 183, 125, and 105 votes to the same candidates. New Jersey returns 229 ballots for Smith, 108 for Hoover, and 106 for Thomas, while Pennsylvania gives the same men 300, 131, and 92 votes respectively. Against these figures, indicating the preferences of the more progressive-minded voters, may be set the results of the poll of the *Literary Digest,* indicative of the more average citizenry. According to a tabulation in the issue of October 6, 514,397 votes had been cast for Hoover; 231,061 for Smith; 4,033 for Thomas; 1,972 for Foster. Of those choosing Hoover 54,789 voted Democratic in 1924. The Smith vote reveals the striking fact that 100,419 such ballots are from persons who voted Republican in 1924 as against only 85,203 who voted Democratic.

THAT HERBERT HOOVER added to his reputation for statesmanship by his speech at Elizabethton, Tennessee, no discriminating and unbiased person can assert. In the main he followed the policy he has laid down for his campaign—dwelling upon the prosperity of our people and boasting of our own country. The Scripps-Howard newspapers tried desperately to interpret him as indorsing the government ownership and operation of Muscle Shoals, but he would not be budged from his allegiance to the Coolidge policy. In a supplementary statement he makes it clear that he does not advocate the government operation of Muscle Shoals for electric power, which is the crux of the whole problem. At Elizabethton, in a panegyric on the home, he said:

> From the homes of America must emanate that purity of inspiration only as a result of which we can succeed in self-government. I speak of this as a basic principle that should guide our national life. I speak of it as the living action of government in the building of a nation. I speak of it as the source from which government must itself rise to higher standards of perfection from year to year.

After reading this we are quite ready to admit that Herbert Hoover is a worthy successor to Calvin Coolidge in the art of putting words together which mean precisely nothing. It remains only for Mr. Hoover to discover the Ten Commandments and he will have reached the zenith of the oratory of statesmen in America. If he has not yet achieved this goal, he trotted out all his old stalking-horses, declaring at once that it is the Government's duty to put prosperity into the home and to see that bureaucracy does not throttle business.

NOW, MR. HOOVER made this speech about the Government's putting "material benefit and comfort into the home" in a town in which, according to the Socialist National Campaign Committee, working hours average ten or more per day. In the large rayon plant there, some three thousand girls and women are employed who begin at eight dollars a week! But waiving that, there is one most serious aspect of Mr. Hoover's speech. Whether intentionally or otherwise, he gives the impression that he has gone over to the Southern point of view on the Negro question. Thus he declared that there are no longer "mental or physical boundaries" and that "we have the same hearts and the same ideals and aspirations." This the South will interpret in only one way. Again, even the New York *Times* is startled by his statement: "I believe further that appointive offices must be filled by those who deserve the confidence and respect of the communities they serve." The *Times* perceives clearly that this, too, will mean only one thing in Southern ears. It declares that these words "will be taken there as tantamount to a promise not to appoint colored men as postmasters, United States marshals, or federal collectors of internal revenue." It will be universally accepted as meaning that if Hoover is elected he

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will do his best to make the Republican organization in the South "lily white." This lends particular timeliness to the article by Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois, which we print elsewhere in this issue. It is a shameful record that both of the leading candidates have made on the Negro question, and ought finally to convince Negro voters that they should cut loose from both Republicans and Democrats.

THE NEW BEDFORD STRIKE came to an inconclusive and unsatisfactory ending when the conservative local unions of the American Federation of Labor accepted a compromise wage-cut of 5 per cent against the advice of their own national officers. The original 10 per cent cut which precipitated the strike on April 16 would have reduced the average wage in New Bedford cotton mills to about $17 a week; the workers now go back with a wage slightly above $18. Was the extra dollar a week worth fighting for when the sufferings of 27,000 workers and their families are reckoned in the balance? We believe that it was worth fighting for if it had been accompanied by a thorough-going victory for labor organization in the mills. As it is, the workers are going back to work as badly organized as they were before the strike and with no adequate protection against future wage-cuts. The leaders of the conservative unions in New Bedford are honorable men who felt that they were making the best possible bargain for starving workers when they accepted the wage-cut—and no one who has an overcoat, coal, and three meals a day has the right to condemn them for compromising. But they showed a lamentable lack of foresight in not pressing more vigorously for union recognition and collective-bargaining machinery. The manufacturers in the final settlement agreed not to make wage changes in the future without a thirty-day notice, but the union is recognized only by inference.

MEANWHILE LEFT-WING LEADERS who control several thousand Portugese strikers in New Bedford are attempting to continue the strike on their own account. They are denouncing the settlement as a betrayal, defying the police, and continuing their picket lines. They point out, what is undoubtedly true, that the great majority of the strikers were not involved in the settlement and had no voice in the vote. (Of course it can also be pointed out that the great majority of the strikers had no part in calling the strike.) Their protest has much to justify it, but the hope of continuing the strike to a completely successful conclusion is faint. The left-wing leaders are effective agitators, but they have not demonstrated the kind of wisdom which is required to deal with employers in peaceful negotiation. Most of the strikers have accepted the compromise of the conservative unions and have applied for reinstatement in the mills. The community has stood solidly with the strikers from the beginning of the strike, but the tragic fact emerges that a little group of willful employers can starve a whole community into subjection. While New Bedford employers denounce the Communists for preaching violence, these same employers have scored a partial victory against the almost unanimous moral judgment of their community by using the accepted, traditional force of class control in industry.

WHILE THE PUBLIC UTILITIES were spending millions to tell their side of the story to the public (but thriftily passing these millions on to the public to be paid on their light and gas bills and street railway fares), they were unwilling to let their own people listen to the other side of the story. They would not have Senator George Norris speak to them. They hesitated even to have Josephus Daniels, whom they considered as "harmless" as any government-ownership advocate, address a power conference unless they had someone carefully planted to answer him. Professor J. A. Switzer of the University of Tennessee, secretary of the Southern Appalachian Power Conference, wrote to Joseph Hyde Pratt, chairman of the executive committee of the conference, with regard to inviting Mr. Daniels to address the conference at Chattanooga, Tennessee, last year: "Now, if we were sure that we had somebody ready to answer the arguments of Mr. Daniels, and prepared to correct any misstatements of fact, which are the stock in trade of men like Senator Norris, I would certainly favor inviting Mr. Daniels." Mr. Daniels did not address the conference. Whether it was because he refused an invitation or because the utilities interests found no one to answer him, and so did not invite him, was not brought out in the testimony before the Federal Trade Commission. The Nashville *Banner* published what Professor Switzer called "a very nasty editorial" about the conference. The writer was invited to speak, but not before some one had been primed to answer him. Yet sovereign States paid for memberships in this conference, and its officials exerted efforts to make it appear that the conference was not dominated by the power companies. Meanwhile, Professor Switzer's articles against government operation of Muscle Shoals were not submitted to magazines until after officials of the Alabama Power Company had approved them.

THAT IS AN ADMIRABLE STATEMENT which Senator Raoul Dandurand, Government leader in the Canadian Senate, has made upon the question of naval disarmament. Speaking in Paris, he declared that there could be no useful results from the work of the Preparatory Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations unless Great Britain and the United States made an appreciable reduction in their naval armaments. He continued thus:

> Both have signed the Kellogg Treaty by which they forever renounce war between themselves. We cannot understand why an agreement cannot be reached between the two great English-speaking peoples, allowing that their fleets instead of being opposed in naval competition should be conjoined in the sole desire of assuring the peace of the world.

This is sound common sense except that we have no desire to see the conjoined fleet of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations imposing their will upon the world. Nor is it necessary that they should. But it is obvious that those who say that the Kellogg Treaties are already as dead as doornails will have right on their side unless there is immediate disarmament. We have pointed out from the beginning the hypocrisy of the policy of having nations declare that they have renounced war for all time and then continue to remain armed to the teeth. As it is, President Coolidge has already announced that we shall go on with the big cruiser building program which was defeated by Congress last spring and that he expects to see it enacted as soon as Congress meets in December. The one hope is that the public opinion of the world, voiced by such men as Senator Dandurand, will make itself felt, to shame Great Britain and America into action.

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FOR THE FIRST TIME since the brightly gilded Diaz days Mexico has a real symphony orchestra. It was organized by the National Philharmonic Syndicate, that is, the musicians' union, on a cooperative basis. It is aided financially from government sources and also by private subscription. Among the subscribers are most of the cabinet ministers, the president of the National University, and the American Ambassador. The orchestra is controlled by the syndicate and directed by Carlos Chavez, a composer well known outside of Mexico for his extremely personal, evidently Mexican, and honest work. Since the Diaz days ingenious bolstering has been necessary to keep the unfinished National Theater from sinking into the spongy site mistakenly chosen for it. This enormous and ornate structure, with its famous Tiffany glass curtain, was designed chiefly for grand opera by an Italian architect. The revolution of 1910—which overthrew Diaz—as well as the spongy site, proved the project to be over-ambitious. With the organization of a new orchestra, however, interest has again arisen in the sadly magnificent theater, and construction has been undertaken on funds provided by popular subscription reinforced with labor-union contributions.

THE VOYAGE OF RICHARD BYRD to the Antarctic has caught the imagination of America more completely than any expedition of discovery in many years, but it does not seem to us more dramatic and meaningful than the expedition of young Dr. Stratman-Thomas, who is going to the heart of Africa to conquer sleeping sickness. Most of our readers will ask: Who is Stratman-Thomas? He is a chevalier of modern science, only twenty-eight years old, who gained his Ph.D. and M.D. at the University of Wisconsin, studied the chemo-therapy of trypanosomiasis for five years, and then decided to try his knowledge on equatorial Africa where sleeping sickness kills 100,000 people a year. Armed with six arsenical compounds which scientists consider the most effective weapons in fighting the disease, he will push into the Belgian Congo, 1,500 miles up the Congo River, and turn central Africa into a vast laboratory with thousands of natives and horses as his clinical material. The special object of his attention will be the dreaded tsetse fly which carries the germs of sleeping sickness. This fly, which was present in America in prehistoric times, is believed to have killed by its germ-carrying attack the vast herds of horses that inhabited this continent—at least there seems no better explanation of the fact that there were no horses in America at the time of Columbus. If Dr. Stratman-Thomas succeeds in his expedition he will not only protect America from another invasion of the tsetse fly but he will do for the natives of Africa what the Rockefeller Institute did for our Southern mountaineers in destroying the hook worm.

ONE SURPRISING FACT has just been established by the National Industrial Conference Board in a study on "The Cost of Living in Twelve Industrial Cities." It costs an American industrial worker almost as much to support a family at a decency level in a small city as in a large city. The difference between minimum family budgets in Cleveland and Dayton is only ninety-two cents a week; the difference between Dayton and Marion is $1.18 a week. The Conference Board chose twelve industrial cities which were classified as large, medium, and small, and the greatest "spread" which it discovered in the cost of living was that of $4.19 a week between New York City and Marion, Ohio. A wage-earner who supports his family in Reading, Pennsylvania, needs only eleven cents a week less than a wage-earner in Philadelphia. Food and clothing cost more in Leominster, Massachusetts, than in Boston. Of course these estimates are for the minimum budget only; when luxury creeps in, the cost of living in the large cities leaps up prodigiously. But the figures make an interesting commentary on the transformation of the United States into a nation of large cities. In the great city the industrial worker finds higher wages and increased freedom because of the variety of possible jobs. He gains at least partial compensation for crowded tenements and smothering subways in the speed and excitement of metropolitan life. When he is forced to live at the subsistence level, he finds that the bill is only a trifle more than it is in the small city. It is not surprising that our large cities are growing steadily larger through the influx of industrial workers.

GATE CRASHERS at a polo game! Where is there a sacred spot left in these United States for monocles and spats? Five thousand people, excluded from the grandstands, overcrowded by many thousands at the final polo game between the United States and the Argentine, waited patiently for a half-hour outside the turnstiles until they saw in the distance the twinkling feet of polo ponies, then calmly brushed the policemen aside and "crashed" the gates. What they saw was an unforgettable spectacle, an American team overwhelming by sheer brilliance one of the strongest combinations in the world. Led by the only Tommy Hitchcock, the Americans captured the unofficial world's championship, and the public captured a new toy. It is a beautiful toy, this game of polo, and one of the most fascinating of sports to watch. Horses rolled on men and the men came up smiling; mallets flashed in the sunshine and drove balls with astonishing accuracy while riders were cavorting full tilt in the opposite direction; photographers snapped consciously unconscious society folk; over there in the box sat Lord So and So. The public gaped. Never again will polo be a joy for the aristocracy alone. The American people have crashed its gates.

G. O. P. Muses

Mabel Walker Willebrandt—
Shall she talk or shall she shan't?
Is she still my Darling Child
Or a Something Bad and Wild?
Shall I take her to my heart
Or keep twenty feet apart?
Or, instead of either honor,
Take her out and step upon her?
Is she oracle or bigot
When she turns her verbal spigot?
Will the votes come pouring in
When she mixes Drink with Sin?
Will it seem a tasty bait
When she couples Church and State?

Gift of God or Satan's curse,
Since you're mine—for good or worse—
Mabel Walker Willebrandt,
Dear One, can't you can the cant?

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Herbert Hoover as a Quaker

> We feel bound explicitly to avow our unshaken persuasion that all war is utterly incompatible with the plain precepts of our divine Lord and Lawgiver, and the whole spirit of His Gospel, and that no plea of necessity or policy, however urgent or peculiar, can avail to release either individuals or nations from the paramount allegiance which they owe Him who hath said: "Love your enemies."

THUS reads the "Declaration of Some of the Fundamental Principles of Christian Truth," issued by the Richmond Conference of the Orthodox branch of the Religious Society of Friends in 1887. To it members of that faith are generally expected to conform. The Constitution for the American Yearly Meetings declares "The Friends believe war to be incompatible with Christianity and seek to persuade peaceful methods for the settlement of all the differences between nations and between men. Opposition to war and non-resistance to evil have been the historic fundamental tenets of the faith of brotherly love." It was for them that thousands upon thousands of Quakers let themselves be tortured, abused, starved, and killed, as has recently been set forth anew in Mary Best's "Rebel Saints." It is, moreover, the rule of the society that "if the member does not make such profession [of faith] when he reaches matured years, his name may be dropped from the list of members, at the discretion of the Monthly Meeting." This latter rule relates particularly to those who, like Herbert Hoover, have been admitted to the Quaker faith by inheritance. When a new member is admitted, he is examined by a pastoral committee to ascertain "whether he will conform to the Rules of Discipline"—which include abhorrence of war. Three times every year, as the discipline provides, there is to be read aloud in Monthly and Quarterly Meetings this query: "Do you maintain the Christian principle of peace and consistently refrain from bearing arms and from performing military service as incompatible with the precepts and spirit of the Gospel?"

When the World War came on, Herbert Hoover, the Quaker, was overcome by those pleas "of necessity, or policy, however urgent or peculiar" which the Declaration of Christian Truth expressly says shall never release individual Quakers from their "paramount allegiance" to love and not to fight their enemies. Mr. Hoover wanted us to go into the war, worked to put us into the struggle, and with tears in his eyes on occasion declared that he did not wish his children to grow up in this world if the German militarists prevailed—an amazing position for a professed Friend to take in view of the Quaker belief that any evil may be overcome by righteous living. Since he has become a candidate for the Presidency Mr. Hoover has been going regularly to Meeting; indeed he goes to both Hicksite and Orthodox Meetings. Yet he is quite willing to take, and sees no inconsistence whatever in taking, the oath of office—and, *as a believing Quaker*, to become Commander-in-Chief of the American army and navy. Can he even take the oath, or will he affirm? Quakers are constantly admonished to refrain "from taking or administering oaths." More than that, in his speech of acceptance he completely abandoned the Quaker doctrine that love and not force shall rule the world by declaring that while he is possessed of a deep passion for peace, he is for great armaments on land and sea, asserting "that in an armed world there is only one certain guarantee of freedom—and this is preparedness for defense."

That, we submit, is a complete throwing overboard of the fundamental Quaker spirit and teachings. Nor are we affected by the fact that technically Mr. Hoover is not a member of the Five Years Meeting group. The true Quaker spirit is what is at stake. Some time ago we dubbed him a renegade Quaker; we do not now withdraw these words. We are well aware, of course, that thousands of Quakers bore arms voluntarily on both sides of the Atlantic in the World War and that no action against them was ever initiated within the Society of Friends. We are aware, too, that the Declaration of Faith declares that "*conscience should be free* and that in the matter of religious doctrine and worship man is accountable only to God." We are aware, also, that in the Constitution of American Meetings are these words: "By this high calling the Friends are pledged to the proclamation of the truth *wherever the spirit leads*, both in home and in foreign fields." We are conscious that this was held to excuse the notorious A. Mitchell Palmer and other Quakers, who not only threw themselves into the war but countenanced some of its most anti-Christian acts.

Yet for us, as long as words are words and deeds are deeds, we cannot see anything else than a dreadful and inexcusable lapse from the faith in any Quaker's willingness to assume command of an army and navy. Moreover, Mr. Hoover during two Cabinets has connived at murder and violence by American forces in Haiti and Nicaragua in the face of his church's injunction that there is no situation in civil or national life that cannot be otherwise settled than by force of arms. Entitled to his conscience Herbert Hoover is; in justice to the Quakers themselves he should not have redoubled his attendance at Meeting, he should have withdrawn from Hicksite and Orthodox Meeting alike. He cannot now escape the charge of insincerity and of treason to the faith he professes.

We are glad to find ourselves in accord with many Quakers on this subject. There is the *American Friend*, the organ of his own sect. It writes thus in its issue of September 13: "We knew that Herbert Hoover had world experience, and we had hoped that out of that experience there would be born a high idealism for World Peace. We find it is otherwise. He whom we had expected to lead the world toward disarmament points toward preparedness." This attitude of Mr. Hoover is the more extraordinary because even his chief, Calvin Coolidge, whom he praises as a model of rectitude and statesmanship, has publicly uttered words that should have fallen from the lips of the Quaker. Speaking to the American Legion at Omaha on October 6, 1925, the President said: "In spite of all arguments in favor of great military forces, no nation ever had an army large enough to guarantee it against attack in time of peace or to insure its victory in time of war." And he added this exact statement of the Quaker belief: "We know and every one knows that these old [military] systems, antagonisms, and reliance on force have failed."

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Roosevelt and Houghton

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT has done a noble and a most self-sacrificing act in consenting to accept the Democratic nomination for Governor of New York. Nobody could have blamed him if he had insisted on staying in private life to complete the laborious and exacting cure which he has had to follow since his attack of infantile paralysis. He has chosen to risk the retarding of the recovery of the use of his legs in order to serve his party and its leader, Governor Smith, to whom he is devoted. But he is also serving his State. For Mr. Roosevelt is precisely the type of man who ought to be in our public life—had he been born an Englishman he would have been in Parliament years and years ago. An independent anti-Tammany Democrat, he has graced public life every time he has entered it.

One may differ with Mr. Roosevelt, as *The Nation* did while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy under Mr. Wilson, but one cannot challenge his integrity, his unselfishness, or his desire to do what is right in accordance with old-fashioned American principles. It goes almost without saying that, if his health is completely restored, he will probably be nominated some day for a still higher office than that of Governor.

As for Mr. Roosevelt's ability, there can be no question about that, or about the steadiness of his intellectual development. Facing a personal disaster which would have broken and taken the heart out of most men, Mr. Roosevelt has met it with heroic courage and complete serenity of spirit. The remarkable speech delivered by him on Governor Smith at the Democratic National Convention, entitled "The Happy Warrior," is not only a measure of Mr. Roosevelt's growth but one of the best written and most honest political utterances of recent years. Differing with him as we do on certain policies, we nevertheless unqualifiedly urge our readers to split their tickets if necessary and to vote for Mr. Roosevelt. His chief rival, Attorney General Ottinger, has shown himself unworthy of public trust in that he is absolutely wrong on the water-power question. His nomination is merely a sop to the Jewish voters of the cities of the State in order to draw them away from Governor Smith. It is a political subterfuge which deserves rebuke.

Last week we gave our support to Ambassador Houghton, who is the Republican candidate for the United States Senate from New York. The desirability of his election is a matter of moment far beyond the confines of the State. He is one of the few men in the diplomatic service of whom it can be said truthfully that they have the attributes of statesmanship. His entire influence has been thrown in the direction of good will, peace, and reconciliation in Europe. He is, it is true, a manufacturer who has profited by the Amercan tariff; it has not kept him from realizing that the worship of tariffs can become an element of extreme danger to the world; that the tariffs of Europe are a grave hindrance to its recovery. But it is the question of peace and war which concerns him most deeply. His speech at the Harvard Commencement in June, 1927, upon which we commented at length in our issue of July 13, 1927, remains one of the most remarkable utterances recorded from the lips of a diplomat.

The Law and the Lady

IN the spring of 1927 Miss Mae West fell afoul of the law while appearing in New York City in a drama of her own composition entitled "Sex." At the time of her arrest Miss West was an obscure actress playing in a small side-street theater in the upper sixties and her performance had been seen by few except the assistant critics of the daily press. But a sentence of ten days in the workhouse made a Broadway celebrity out of her, and a new piece, "Diamond Lil," shared with "Strange Interlude" the distinction of being one of the few plays which survived through the summer just past into the present season.

One might reasonably suppose that these events would have convinced the police that if they really wished to suppress the redoubtable actress-author they had best proceed about the business in a manner as quiet as possible, but instead of doing anything of the sort they have just turned on the spotlight again and given not one but two spectacular performances. On the opening night of Miss West's latest drama, "Pleasure Man," they raided the theater while the audience was still present and hauled all the performers, still in costume, to the police station. Next day the producer secured an injunction against further police interference and gave a second performance to a crowded house, but the injunction was then vacated and at the following matinee the officers of the law repeated their dramatic spectacle. During the course of the second act they mounted the stage, stopped the show with upraised hand, and before a hysterically thrilled audience once more loaded all the players into a patrol wagon. Indictments have been returned against author, producer, and stage manager, as well as against the fifty-four actors, and a speedy trial is promised.

The Nation has no intention of rising passionately to the defense of Miss West. The best that even her admirers have found to say of her is that they consider the very raucousness of her vulgarity intriguing, and it is generally admitted that she had rendered no great services to either art or sociology by her examinations of the cruder phenomena connected with that force which gave its name to the first of her successful dramas. But we have always doubted that, in general, the good accomplished outweighed the attendant evils in any sort of police interference with books or plays or pictures and, more particularly, that there was any justification for spectacularly righteous crusades like the one at present under consideration. What except a desire for sensational display can account for twice raiding a play in the most public way possible, and why should detachments of police be twice dispatched to arrest alleged criminals from whom no violence was expected?

New York remains one of the most desperately lawless cities in the world. Only Chicago rivals it in the number or atrocity of its unpunished murders, and other crimes of violence are proportionately frequent. Surely it is not over-policed and surely it needs all the time of all the policemen it has to grapple with the violent section of its criminals. Just who was being robbed or who was being killed at the exact moments when the two raids took place we do not know, but even if the answer should happen to be "No one at all," we are nevertheless convinced that the police engaged in arresting a company of mild actors—upon whom it would have been necessary merely to serve a few

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formal papers—would have been better employed looking for, let us say, the parties who killed one of New York's citizens in the very midst of the Times Square district in plain daylight last spring.

Now the police have richly earned the right to plead the excuse of mere thick-headedness on most of the occasions when they blunder. In general, it is not only kind but just as well to assume that mere stupidity is sufficient to account for the more ridiculous of their antics. But in the present case it is to be doubted that mere innocence is sufficient to explain their conduct and that of those who sent them. Elections are approaching and how can the watchfulness of the force be more readily or safely demonstrated than by a timely and spectacular raid upon an allegedly vulgar theatrical performance—especially when all the newspapers are sure to give the exploit full publicity? Murderers are hard to catch and also ticklish to handle. They often get away and they often hurt policemen in endeavoring to do so, but Miss West could easily be found by looking up the address of her theater in any newspaper and there was no danger that she would shoot.

The usefulness of a campaign against the stage is exactly the same as that which the thief in public office conducts against the Bolsheviks or members of the Klan against the Roman Catholic church. All are easy, all are spectacular, and all furnish an admirable means of distracting the attention from something else. Who can doubt the rectitude of a man who stands up for Pure Womanhood? Who can doubt the efficiency of a police force which swoops down so crushingly upon allegedly reprehensible actors?

Science Says—

WHEN the flivver magnate talks about history or the elevator king about the higher learning for women, his divigations are generally described as peculiarly American. These Yankees, it is said (particularly by foreigners who demonstrate their familiarity with American traditions by applying that term indiscriminately to the Kentucky colonel and the Texas ranchman), think a knack for this or that particular trade implies a general omniscience and assume that a fortune made in can-openers confers upon the maker an intuitive understanding of international politics or biblical exegesis.

The truth of the matter is, however, that when the Henry Fords and the A. B. Sees reveal an itch to exploit their incompetence they are yielding to a very widespread human weakness and, if one may judge by the newspaper accounts, the distinguished gentlemen who assembled in Glasgow recently for the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science spent a very considerable part of their time in exposing their opinions upon a subject about which they knew nothing at all—namely, the alleged immortality of the soul. Last year, if we remember correctly, Sir Arthur Keith wandered a very considerable distance from his subject, the antiquity of man, to express at length his personal agnosticism; this year, on the other hand, the believers seem to have it. Sir William Bragg, the new president, "declared his belief in the existence of a soul and a divine being after life," while Sir Oliver Lodge thumped a Bible and expressed his conviction that "the dead live on with bodies of ether."

Now the scientists have led us to believe that they differ from all ordinary human beings in that they hold no opinions except those which are based upon evidence. They are very contemptuous indeed of all lay knowledge and they like to give the impression that no brain specialist would dare have an opinion about the stomach and that no colloid chemist would presume, even in the privacy of his home, to venture a reflection upon crystallography. We therefore wonder just what discoveries have been made between the day when Sir Arthur Keith made last year's presidential address and the day when Sir William Bragg made his. One turns eagerly to the accounts of his speech, as well as those of Sir Oliver Lodge's discourse, and one is surprised to discover that their arguments are precisely those which have been in the mouths of every piously inclined layman for the last fifty years. Lodge spoke vaguely of the magnificence of the visible universe controlled by one law, and nothing is reported of Bragg except a profession of faith. Is it possible that these distinguished men, so careful where minutiae are concerned, are willing to lend the prestige of their names to the support of the most far-reaching guesses when they have no more information than anyone else to support them? Is it possible that Sir William Bragg not only knows as little about the soul as Henry Ford but also exhibits as hazy a sense of the qualifications upon which any expert's opinion must be founded? Apparently it is.

It is true that there is nothing new in all this. Newton consented to deduce theological opinions from his astronomical observations; Pasteur, as everybody knows, compared his faith to that of a peasant's wife; and Farraday was unwavering in his loyalty to a fundamentalist sect composed largely of illiterates. But Newton was merely being obliging and the last two at least spoke only as common men and never ex-cathedra when religion was discussed. They seemed, in a word, tacitly to acknowledge what the assembled British scientists do not—namely, that the implications which science has for faith are of such a very general sort that they are equally at the disposal of layman and specialist. On the one hand, it has provided mechanistic explanations for an enormous number of phenomena which were formerly accounted evidence of a superintelligence controlling the universe; on the other hand, it has never solved all the mysteries. Add to these facts the very dubious experiments of Lodge and his fellows with their spiritualistic mediums and you have everything that counts. Two sophomores who have read Haeckel and Sir Oliver have all the pertinent knowledge that Keith or Bragg possess, so far as the evidences for or against immortality are concerned, since none of the details mastered by the experts carry one a single step further forward in either of those directions.

The medieval priesthood achieved an authority in matters of opinion hardly greater than that which the scientist now enjoys. A sentence which begins with "Science says" will generally be found to settle any argument in a social gathering or sell any article from tooth-paste to refrigerator; but it has generally been assumed by the more thoughtful that no real scientist was responsible for most of the dogmatic guesses thus vaguely introduced. It is too bad that the British Association has put "science" on record as saying either that there is or that there is not a soul. "Science" doesn't know and "science" owes a good deal to its reputation for candor.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

HERBERT HOOVER, the great cosmopolite, has put on whiskers and now pretends that his name is Babbitt and that he lives on Main Street. Although not all his campaign gestures have been effective I must admit that this particular impersonation is superb. In fact, I don't believe the man is acting. It was the earlier role which hung on mere histrionics. Depend upon it Herbert Hoover remained Iowan whether he was called to Belgium, China, Russia, or the Far East. Never has he gone native and the most unjust accusation raised against him is the familiar one that he is at heart an Englishman. That is a libel or, if you please, a gross piece of flattery, for Mr. Hoover is essentially a Middle Western Puritan. There are virtues in this clan. Out of such stock it is possible to get something as good as William Allen White of Kansas. Hoover is smaller than that. I would hardly rate him above the shoe top of the little Emporian.

Both men have a bond in the uneasy feeling that if a thing is foreign it must be in some way iniquitous. And Bill has travelled almost as widely as Herbert. However, there never was much in the notion that travel is invariably a process which broadens the wanderer. As like as not Hoover spent his leisure moments in Australia commenting on the climate of California and it would be entirely possible to note a pensive look in the eyes of White such times as he gazes at the winding Seine. His face is sad for in his heart a strident little voice reminds him, "It's not Emporia."

One thing in Hoover's personal platform puzzles me. Mindful of the reproach that Quakers do not fight he has lost few occasions to call for an army and a navy sufficient in size to command the respect of all the world. I wonder why. In the little red school house where he learned patriotism and elementary arithmetic he must have been taught that one American can lick a dozen Britishers any day in the week and at least fifty Frogs. Why, then, need our armies be considerable in numbers? If this suggestion seem mere fantasy let me include a passage from an interview with the Republican candidate. And this particular talk was printed in the *Herald Tribune*, a friendly paper with no desire to show up Mr. Hoover. John Steven McGroarty, an inquiring journalist, reports Mr. Hoover as saying that "The American acts quickly, he has initiative, he responds. And in these ways, as in many others, he is different from the European."

"In the countries in which he has had such tremendous experiences," continues McGroarty, "Mr. Hoover learned, often at serious cost, that only two or three men in an average European community can be depended on for intelligent action in an emergency, while in America practically the entire community can be depended upon. For instance, during the Mississippi flood, Mr. Hoover called upon ninety communities in the South to meet quickly and effectively sudden emergencies. They were called upon at forty-eight hours' notice to feed, shelter, and in every way care for sometimes thousands of refugees. And, of these ninety communities, only one failed to function. No such achievement could be hoped for in Europe."

In other words Mr. Hoover seemed to say that civilization in such States as Mississippi, Tennessee, and Arkansas has reached a level unknown in England, Germany, and France, not forgetting the Scandinavian. This seemed to me such a preposterous contention that I felt certain Mr. McGroarty had mistaken the intent of the candidate's words and that something of the real meaning had been lost in the translation into indirect discourse. Possibly this McGroarty, so I imagined, might be a Romish spy sent to confound Hoover and the *Herald Tribune*. Perhaps the reporter had labored at the mighty task of making a fool out of Hoover and the still more gigantic enterprise of making a fool out of the *Tribune*.

But the folly was mine. I had forgotten that Herbert Hoover was about to make a speech down in the Southland and when he gets a taste of votes the man goes wild and will claw any verity. McGroarty did Herbert no wrong. His words seem to have been reflected accurately enough for there appeared in his Elizabethton address an echo of the same conception of the Southern superman as compared with the weak, degenerate brood of Europe. This came in Mr. Hoover's eloquent tribute to Main Street, the place where so many voters live. He said:

> When it came to the organization necessary to meet that great catastrophe the pressure of time alone made it necessary to rely wholly upon the leadership, intelligence, the devotion, the sense of integrity and service of hundreds of towns and villages on the border of the flood. . . . In the face of that terrific problem that would test the stamina and quality of any people there was not a failure in a single case. This perhaps stands out larger in my mind than in most men because under similar conditions of great emergency I have had the duty to organize populations abroad. And in no country does there exist the intelligence the devotion, the probity, the ability to rise to a great emergency that exists in the Main Street of the American town and village. I do not wish to disparage the usefulness of Broadway, Pennsylvania Avenue, or State Street but it is from Main Street and its countryside that the creative energies of the nation must be replenishd and restored.

It may be observed that Herbert Hoover made two slight slips in this speech. For instance, he might just as well have disparaged Pennsylvania Avenue because no voters live along its length. That he seems to have forgotten for the moment. Also the percentage of American nobility and efficiency has gone up a little. In speaking to Mr. McGroarty, Hoover said that he called on ninety communities and that only one failed to function. However, it might readily seem to Southern voters that Herbert Hoover was nothing but a captious Yankee if he said that only eighty-nine out of ninety Southern communities were perfect. Moreover, even in the recalcitrant community there are voters, so in the speech we have the more rolling statement: "There was not a failure in a single case."

Indeed since the beginning of history there has never been known such nobility as exists among American voters. Here is the promised land and we are the chosen people. Each of us possesses three pounds of butter and a radio. Mr. Hoover is, of course, one of the mightiest among the speckless crew. Al may be the Happy Warrior but that's a name which fades beside the title won by Herbert. He is the Perfect Hypocrite.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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Is Al Smith Afraid of the South?

By W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

ALFRED SMITH is not the first American politician for whom the Negroes of the United States have proved a most embarrassing stumbling block. But seldom have the implications of this situation been so clear to all Americans who are willing to think.

Mr. Smith is posing as liberal. His attitude toward super-power, toward non-partisan appointments to office, and toward prohibition give him some color of right to this definition. Toward the greater and ever more pressing problems of the distribution of income and ownership of property, he is making tentative approach by noting the economic distress of the American farmer. But all this does not prove his case, and does not make his appeal to American liberals by any means clear; for he has also made desperate effort to reassure intrenched American capital that he cannot be counted as its enemy; that he will be considerate of corporations like General Motors; and that he will take care of the interests intrenched behind the tariff. All this would make liberal support of Mr. Smith debatable. But there is another matter where there can be no debate.

Mr. Smith is silent about the Negro. Why? Certainly it is not because he has no need of the Negro vote. Migration from South to North, and from country to city, has increased the effective vote which Negroes cast very appreciably over 1916, and considerably over 1920 and 1924. We must, of course, depend upon estimates instead of actual figures, but in States where the real battles of this campaign are apparently being fought, there is a large Negro vote: in New York, 150,000; in New Jersey, 75,000; in Ohio, 125,000; in Indiana, 70,000; in Illinois, 175,000; in West Virginia, 50,000; in Kentucky, 125,000; in Tennessee, 225,000; in North Carolina, 25,000; in California, 40,000. Even Massachusetts has 21,000 Negro voters, and Connecticut, 15,000. There are probably 60,000 Negro voters in Michigan and 125,000 in Missouri. Kansas has 35,000, Delaware, 15,000, and Maryland, 140,000. Of course, in the Southern hinterland, there is little chance that any appreciable Negro vote will be cast or counted. And yet in Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Texas, and Oklahoma the Negro vote of 100,000 might conceivably be of importance if any real rift were made in the governing oligarchy.

This is an asset that no astute politician—and no one has accused Mr. Smith of not being astute—would ordinarily neglect. Moreover, the Negroes are incensed against the Republican Party and against Mr. Hoover as never before. Some defection from the ranks of Negro Republicans was felt as early as 1912, and Woodrow Wilson went out of his way to encourage it. He openly promised Negroes "Justice and not mere grudging justice." Led by the late Bishop Alexander Walters, a Negro bureau was established at Democratic headquarters and a considerable Negro vote was cast for Woodrow Wilson. But the Wilson administration disappointed Negroes even more than it disappointed other people. Wilson refused to appoint the fact finding commission which he had promised to Oswald Garrison Villard; he refused to recognize the Negro in any important appointments; his whole Negro program succumbed to the Southern oligarchy, except during the war scare. By 1916 the revolt was well over and Negroes went back and voted with docility for Mr. Hughes.

In 1920, Cox made no appeal to the colored vote and it went almost solidly for Harding. In 1924, however, revolt began again. Davis was a favorite among West Virginia Negroes, and led by William H. Lewis, the Boston lawyer, many colored voters bolted Coolidge. But all this revolt was as nothing to that which was brewing among Negroes in 1928. If Al Smith would raise a finger to assure American Negroes that, while he was not necessarily a warm friend, at least he could not be classed as an enemy, he would receive more Negro votes than any Democrat has ever received. For the first time in the history of colored Republican politics, leading colored politicians, like R. R. Church of Tennessee, refused to serve upon the colored Advisory Committee; the head of the Negro Elks openly pledged his organization against Hoover, and there was every sign that the defection thus begun was going to reach large proportions.

Nor were the reasons for this far to see. If leading Negroes repudiated Coolidge in 1924, they were even more estranged in 1928. Moreover, Hoover's silence on them and their problems has been nearly as great as Smith's. He has said not a single public word against lynching or disfranchisement or for Negro education and uplift. When it was brought to his attention that the Red Cross was discriminating outrageously against Negroes suffering from the Mississippi flood, Hoover at first denied it vehemently; afterward he named a Negro committee of his friends, headed by R. R. Moton of Tuskegee, and when this committee confirmed the evidences of discrimination, he refused to let the committee publish its findings.

In addition to this, Hoover has joined openly with the "Lily Whites" of the South,—that is, with those active Southern politicians who propose, not simply to keep the Southern Negro disfranchised, but to prevent the organization of any effective minority party in which the Negro has representation. Hoover knows perfectly well that the disfranchisement of the better class Negroes in the South delivers them into the hands of venal politicians, black and white. Hoover, Coolidge, Hughes, Harding, and all Republican candidates receive gladly the political support of these men in the national conventions. After the convention, Mr. Hoover proceeds to recognize only the white politicians who have supported him. It was very easy to find evidence for accusing Southern Negro politicians of traffic in public office. But the same accusations have been made and proven against white politicians. There is no reason to think that the accusations were any more true in the case of the colored Perry Howard than in the case of the white Bascom Slemp, once Secretary to President Coolidge. But under Hoover's political organization Howard was kicked out and prosecuted, while Slemp was put in charge of his Southern campaign! Every Negro political leader in the South regardless of his standing—and there are some who are honest and brave—has

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been unceremoniously ousted by Hoover and his lieutenants.

Here, then, was a chance and an unusual chance for Al Smith, and not simply a chance for political maneuvering. It was a chance to attack in its stronghold the central danger of American democracy; the thing that makes it impossible for the American people today to vote logically or coherently on any subject whatsoever; and that incubus is the bloc of 114 to 139 electoral votes which are out of politics in the sense that no political discussion, no appeal to intelligence or justice, has any influence on them. This was the time for a really great statement. The Governor of New York might have stepped into the arena and said: "I believe in democracy. I believe that no one is good enough to cast a vote for his neighbor. I believe that poverty and misfortune, even if coupled with slavery and color, are in themselves no reason for caste and disfranchisement. If in spite of misfortune, poverty, and handicap a man meets the qualifications laid down for voting, he ought to vote and to be protected in his vote. He and his ought not to be interfered with by lawlessness and lynching. Education and encouragement ought freely to be offered, and every opportunity for development placed before such people."

Is there any reason why any American citizen, Democrat, Republican, or Socialist, should not subscribe to such a creed and publicly announce it? If there is, then American democracy is already a failure. If there is not, then Alfred Smith ought to have made such a statement. Moreover, I violate no confidence in saying that he was asked and urged to do it and that he refused.

A number of enthusiastic colored folk and friends of colored people put before the advisers of Governor Smith several possible statements which he might make to show that at least he was not an enemy of the American Negro. He refused to say a single word. He refused to let even indirectly anything go out from his headquarters which should seem to represent him as friendly to black men. Negro Democratic headquarters were indeed established but they were not allowed to have offices in the regular Democratic headquarters but were given a small "Jim Crow" annex where they exist without real authority, without explicit recognition, and without the slightest initiative.

On the other hand, explicit and repeated anti-Negro propaganda is being sent out by Democratic headquarters. When the Klan accused Governor Smith of having as his private stenographer "a Negro wench," Democratic headquarters at Washington on September 8 sent out the following release:

> Governor Smith does not have, and never has had, a Negro stenographer, and in the employment of Negroes by the State of New York under his administration this has been done only to fill such jobs as they are given in the South, to wit: porters, janitors, charwomen, etc.

The interesting thing about this statement is that it is perfectly true. In all Governor Smith's long career, he has sedulously avoided recognizing Negroes in any way. He has twice vetoed bills which would have given a colored magistrate to Harlem. He has never given a Negro any major appointment. He has seldom been willing to receive a Negro delegation and it is doubtful if he has met personally in all his career a half-dozen of the 250,000 Negroes of his State.

At one time the leaders of his party in New York City recommended that the late Colonel Charles Young be made head of the new Negro regiment authorized under the direction of the Democratic Governor Sulzer. This regiment had not been organized because of the question of colored officers. The State National Guard was determined that there should be no colored officers, and gave as an excuse that none was qualified. But Charles Young, then a Major in the regular army and a West Point graduate, was a man not only of stainless personal character, but of well-known military ability. The army would have been perfectly willing to lend him to the National Guard. Governor Smith was asked to appoint him. He peremptorily refused and placed a white man at the head of the colored 15th Regiment.

Now why should a man otherwise in many respects liberal and likable, who has himself come up from the common people, show himself so illiberal and petty toward the Negro? It is because Smith has been afraid of the South, and is so today. He probably first ignored the Negro because, with East Side ignorance, he knew nothing about him, and shared the East Side's economic dislike of Negro labor competition: a dislike which was back of the Irish anti-Negro riots before and during the war, in Philadelphia and New York. As Smith began to develop in political power and ambition, he recognized that if he wanted to carry the South he must be orthodox on the Negro according to Southern traditions. He has been so, and, in the future, according to Congressman Hill of Alabama, "Governor Smith says he will let us handle the Negro problem as we see fit. What more could we ask?" Then, again, his liquor program and his religion have stirred up enough trouble and revolt south of the Mason and Dixon line. Smith is determined, therefore, not to say a single word that will enable his enemies and the Ku Klux Klan to fasten the title "Nigger-lover" upon him.

This is unfortunate for the Negro. But it is far more unfortunate for the American people. It means that no attempt to liberalize either the Republican or the Democratic Party, or to start a new third-party movement, can succeed as long as the present disfranchisement of the Negro supports a Solid South. Few Americans yet realize this. Many simple souls have a distinct hope that the Democratic Party may yet figure as a liberal party. They have an additional hope that it will never be necessary in the future, as it has not seemed necessary to these liberals in the past, to take any stand or attitude with regard to the so-called Negro problem. They propose to go on, ignoring the fact that the eleven Southern States, with an increase of population of more than 200 per cent since 1870, and with a theoretical doubling of the electorate by woman suffrage, did not, between the election of 1872 and that of 1924, increase its voting population more than 131 per cent, and that in five States of the Southern South the voting population has actually decreased in fifty years. In other words, a rotten borough system has been built up in the South which has disfranchised 5,000,000 voters and put the political power of a third of the nation in the hands of fewer than a million voters!

The political power of this rump electorate is astonishing. They send forty-five congressmen to Washington, while a million voters on the Pacific Coast send but twelve! They keep their Congressmen in office for long periods, thus enabling the South to monopolize a large number of the chief committee appointments. What chance is there that

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this political power will become radical or even liberal? Not the slightest. Now and then we may get some wild talk from Tillman or Jeff Davis or Caraway. You may get gestures from Carter Glass and taunts from Pat Harrison and solemn rhodomontades from Swanson of Virginia. But when it comes to votes, in every case the Solid South will be found to be the tail of the conservative reactionary North, and not a single reform movement, no punishment of swindlers, no real investigation of political evils, can depend upon Southern support. The Solid South cannot be liberal. It is built upon the disfranchisement, not only of 2,000,000 Negroes, but of many more than 2,000,000 whites. It is built on widespread ignorance and intolerance; crime and lynching; peonage and slavery. Its business is to choke off all discussion among liberal whites in the South; to stop all political independence, social freedom, or religious liberalism. For any sane liberal in the United States to think that this body of death is going to be permeated by liberal opinions is clear evidence of incipient softening of the brain.

If now the Southern Democratic bloc cannot become liberal, what chance is there that the Northern Democrats will become liberal? None at all. In Northern States they may temporarily follow liberal principles. But nationally they must do as Smith has done: make peace with plutocracy and repudiate the simplest principles of democracy.

There are a number of hopeful souls who continue to believe that the very ineptitude of the two old parties is going to lead, one of these days, to a triumphant third party. These dreamers insist that this already would have happened if third party advocates could only "agree." This is nonsense. When and where have liberal reformers ever agreed in advance on main matters of reform? Certainly not at the birth of the Republican Party in the United States or at the birth of the Liberal or Labor Party in England. Widely divergent liberal panaceas are slowly pounded into shape at successive elections as certain of them gain popular support. By a slow process of selection and elimination, the program of a third party is clarified and solidified, and slowly one of the old parties dies. This program is impossible in the United States because the one political party, the Democrats, which is nearest moribund in its ideas, cannot die; it uses the political power of disfranchised Negroes and disfranchised whites to keep itself so large a minority party that any diversion of liberals from the Republican Party simply throws this more reactionary party into power. That was the clear case in the celebrated election of 1912. It was the largest influence in the election of Coolidge, when at the last moment voters became convinced that a vote for La Follette was practically a vote for the Democrats.

The same situation is before us today. Liberals may, if they will, vote for Al Smith. But a vote for Al Smith is a vote for the Bourbon South, and that reactionary bloc will not let Smith take a single really liberal step. They will stand with the Republicans for super-power, for high protection, for disfranchisement, and for war made by an army and navy which they overwhelmingly dominate. On the other hand, if the liberals turn and vote for Norman Thomas they throw their votes away just as surely as when they voted for Robert La Follette. Under the present distribution of electoral votes Norman Thomas has no chance of carrying a single State even if he should receive 6,000,000 popular votes. All of which shows that the problem of Negro disfranchisement is not a problem of the Negroes; it is a problem of democratic government in the United States.

Blundering Through the Campaign

By FRANK R. KENT

So far as the so-called strategy of this Presidential campaign—or for that matter, any Presidential campaign—is concerned, it is largely lodged in the minds of the political publicists of whom the 1928 crop is particularly large and pontifical. These being as a rule more imaginative and ingenious, if less practical, than the political managers who are—even the best of them—never very smart, they evolve in the course of the campaign many interesting ideas nearly all of which are utterly foreign to the thought of the professional campaign directors and their candidates. The truth is that on both sides there is this time the usual blundering confusion, blind bewilderment, haphazard, bumble-puppy management and blithe tossing of money to the birds. The country has grown greatly in four years, the reach of the radio has vastly increased, the avenues for expenditure have multiplied, all of which means that the business of electing a President is on a somewhat larger scale than ever before. But basically it is the same. There is nothing at all deep or subtle or artful or skillful or novel about it. There is in neither camp anything approaching a definite, concrete policy not wholly obvious. There is in neither a party-unifying, country-wide issue. The nearest approach to one is prohibition which has split the top rails off both party fences and let loose an unprecedently large flock of bolters whose floppings and flappings from one side to the other have been one of the features of the fight. More than in any other campaign of our time this struggle is between the two men rather than between their parties—one colorful, vibrant, shrewd, and calculatingly candid, a seasoned politician, a campaigner of rare talent and resources, an adroit maker of news: the other utterly inexperienced in politics, making his first campaign dull as ditch water on the stump, without fire or eloquence, inept in matters of publicity, inapt as to phrases and forms, but backed by the weight of the majority party and with his normal advantages increased by the prejudice against the religion of his opponent. It is the striking contrast between the personalities and careers of the candidates that makes the campaign unique, not its conduct by the committees. So far as they are concerned it is nearly all old stuff. Invariably and inevitably national campaigns consist in collecting as large a campaign fund as possible as soon as possible and spending it as quickly as possible. It is not good business to spend money before you earn it but it is good politics. Seventy per cent of the campaign fund goes in one form or another for publicity. The balance is divided between the payrolls, which are always monstrous and absurd, and the national committeemen in the so-called doubtful States—

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more of them this time than ever before—who serve as the channels for distribution. The one new thing in this connection is the fact, frequently enough commented upon in the daily press in the early days but not much mentioned now, that for the first time in many years the Democrats have enough money really to make a campaign, to meet the other side—at least financially—on even terms. To tell the truth, they not only this time have enough to do that but they have more. They have not only more money, and are spending more than the Republicans, but they have more than any other party has had in the past. This is largely due to the small group of extremely wealthy personal friends of Governor Smith who, headed by Mr. Raskob, sit in the General Motors Building headquarters and underwrite the deficits as fast as they develop, and who will in the end be found holding the bag for no small sum. They are, however, exceedingly cheerful about it, earnestly determined that this time the Democrats shall not be defeated through lack of money for any "legitimate purpose." This is a situation so entirely strange to Democrats that some of the Senatorial gentlemen around headquarters have not in more than two months quite got used to it. To those practical enough to know how vital is election-day money in the precincts, this new Democratic affluence is a sufficient guaranty that there will this time be no debacle such as occurred in 1920 and 1924. For the rest what each side is doing to corral the 266 electoral votes necessary to a choice is obvious enough. From the start the plain game of the Republicans has been to let the other fellow take the offensive and themselves sit as tight as possible. Always that is the part of wisdom for the party in power. It fits in wholly with the Hoover desire, is exactly suited to the Hooverian mind.

The Republicans can lose a number of electoral votes and still win. Based on these facts the idea of the Hoover campaign from the start has been to avoid costly blunders, make as few speeches as possible, keep wholly free from personalities, state his views when necessary with dignity but always without heat, stress the prosperity issue, as far as possible ignore his opponent, and devote his energies mainly to the work of organization primarily designed to hold his party lines intact, counting largely upon normal numerical superiority and the "business interests" for success. In the last two weeks the "under cover" drive of the Republican management has been to strengthen Mr. Hoover among three classes of voters with whom he is admittedly weak—the Germans, the farmers, the Negroes.

On the Democratic side any such passive and defensive campaign as this would be exceedingly ridiculous. All the logic of the situation casts Smith for the role of aggressor. He must attack and not defend. It is his job by combined assault and appeal to tear away from the Republicans at least sixty of the electoral votes got by Coolidge in 1924. As the candidate of the minority party out of power it is up to him not to sit still but to force the fighting. It so happens that this is as much to the taste of Smith as the other sort of campaign is to Hoover, and it will not be denied that he has made a good campaign. To get anywhere, however, he has to effect a combination of States which on the surface at least seems incongrous and unnatural—almost in fact, impossible. He must hold the so-called Solid South, which is dry, Protestant, and full of Tammany hostility, gain the New York group which is Republican, industrial, conservative, and wet, and then carry a certain number of the restive and radical agricultural States in the northwestern tier where the Non-Partisan League formerly flourished and the late Robert M. La Follette had his greatest strength. In any normal campaign and for any normal candidate to achieve this would be equivalent to a political miracle. Even for Smith with his amazing vote getting record, his flaming personality and fighting ability, it must be conceded the odds are against him. There is, too, danger as well as difficulty in this effort to unite the conservative, not to say reactionary, East with the Progressive, not to say radical, Northwest. He might, for instance, lose both. Up to the present time—the first week in October—however, he has not only avoided disaster but returns to New York from his first speech-making tour having apparently gained a fair fighting chance in at least six western States where the regular Democratic vote had almost disappeared—and gained this chance without really impairing his conceded strength in New York and the East. His success in the West makes it possible to visualize victory for Smith even when you concede his weakness in the border States and the possible loss of one in the South. The chances are still against him, of course, but several things contribute toward keeping the odds from being too depressingly heavy. One of these is that the fat, full condition of the Democratic treasury enables the Party to pour money into the doubtful States following the dent made by its candidate instead of as has been its custom, letting him down with a bump by going broke just at the critical moment. Another is that the extraordinarily well handled Smith publicity—infinitely better than the Hoover brand, which has by the way been notoriously bad—has enabled him to get away with a practical out and out endorsement of the economically unsound equalization fee and a practically open advocacy of government ownership of public utilities, without raising the sort of protest among business men and their pet newspapers which the Bryan governmental ownership for railroads speech raised in 1908. The cry of "economic heresy" has so far been but feebly raised against him and the accusations of "socialistic tendencies" have come from ineffectual sources.

There is nothing normal at all about the campaign. There are currents running this time the depth and strength of which no one can now accurately determine. In any event while the present Wall Street odds of three to one on Hoover (they may change before this article is printed) are probably justified by past political performances, the situation is not well enough in hand on the Republican side to prevent very real apprehension from being felt among the less smug and more clear headed of the Republican managers. It is true the support of the bigots in the South and the unquestioned tendency of the women generally to vote for Hoover are assets peculiarly his own and not to be discounted. They make doubtful certain States in the South. They give him a better break than any Republican is normally entitled to in the border States of Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Kentucky. On the other hand there is an undeniable and conceded drift away from Mr. Hoover and toward Mr. Smith of the three classes of voters mentioned above—the Germans, the farmers, and the Negroes. These constitute the cornerstone of the Republican Party in the country. How great the disaffection this time among them there is of course no means of knowing. It is sufficient, however, to preclude in informed Republican circles anything even approximating the confidence of the Harding and Coolidge campaigns. To succeed Smith must carry

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the so-called Solid South and his own State of New York. So far as the first prerequisite is concerned he is compelled to leave things largely to the South itself, with such help as can come from the General Motors Building. As for the second he has greatly increased his chances by the dramatic drafting of Franklin D. Roosevelt. To the practical effect of the Roosevelt nomination in New York, must be added its excellent psychological effect over the country.

Cross Currents in Italy

By MARY KELSEY

I CROSSED the Italian frontier into France with my note book hidden in my lunch-basket. There was a very real sense of relief when the customs official scratched his white cross on that modest article of travel, for I had learned only a few days before, from one of the foreign newspaper correspondents resident in Rome, that everything sent out of Rome by the journalists was censored.

I was evidently not the only person on the train who approached the frontier with uneasiness. Two men in the corridor outside my compartment carried on a whispered conversation which seemed endless, their faces within an inch or two of each other. The phrase "state socialism" escaped them once, and with the memory of the recent trial of the communists in Rome, just condemned to twenty-one years of prison for having secretly circulated a small newspaper which did no more than expound the communist philosophy—one of my friends had received it regularly from an anonymous source—the reason for their caution seemed not far to seek.

In Rome there is indeed a constantly present undercurrent of uneasiness. No one feels quite secure there. Any foreigner may be stopped at any moment in the street and his papers demanded by any one of the fifty or sixty thousand members of the Fascist army, a body entirely independent of the national army, and far more formidable as it has numerous dangerous privileges. Among them is the right of arrest at sight. One does not willingly offend anyone of the black-shirt gentry who are to be seen everywhere, revolver on hip, and very conscious of their power. Arrests are common and rather uncomfortable stories circulate freely. One hears of dinner guests arriving prematurely, hurried to the police-station for walking up and down in the street in an innocent effort to pass the time till the appointed hour. One misguided tourist, I was told, who at the gate of Mussolini's gorgeous villa had inquired if Il Duce really lived there, was brought guide-book in hand summarily before a Fascist official as a suspicious character.

People, even foreigners, hesitate to speak of Mussolini publicly now in any way, and the subterfuge of calling him by another name is commonly resorted to. "But no longer Smith or Jones," I heard one American woman resident in Rome, say to another. "The Fascist police recognize those names now. We call him Armstrong. It seems symbolic."

There is no doubt of the Fascists' belief in direct action. The following rules of the Fascist militiamen clearly express their creed.

The ten Commandments of the Mititiaman:

1. Remember that the Fascist must not believe in perpetual peace.
2. The days of prison are always merited.
3. The mother-country is served even if the sentinel only guards a can of gasoline.
4. A companion in arms must be a brother. First, because he is living with you. Second, because he thinks as you think.
5. The rifle and the cartridge pouch have been given to you not to be kept greased alone, but to be used in time of war.
6. Never say that the government makes you pay, because *you* are part of the government, and you wear the uniform it gives you.
7. Discipline is necessary. With out it there would be no army—only confusion and defeat.
8. Mussolini is always right.
9. Disobedience is not pardonable in a Fascist.
10. One thing must be held above all: The life of the Duce.

All the power of the present Italian government is being devoted to impressing these rules on the youth of Italy. The young people are being trained—and in large measure they lend themselves with ardor to it—to dedicate their lives to the furthering of the Fascist ideal. The troops of little black-shirts from eight to fourteen years of age, which one meets marching smartly through the streets, and the many young men, many of them of a fine and generous type, that one sees wearing the Fascist emblem, attest the devotion that it inspires among young people. Few older men wear the emblem, and it is a fair generalization to state that they are almost always inferior in type to the younger adherents. With the older men one feels the pressure of expediency. With the younger it is a vocation. Yet it is striking that the red, green, and white emblem is seldom seen save in the coat-lapel of "white-collar" men. The workers seem to belong to another world.

Yet it seems that the workingman has in a very real sense greatly benefited by the Fascist regime. During the last few months I was told that Fascismo had, not in its machinery which had tended the other way, but in its legislation, distinctly tended toward the left. A whole series of measures relative to the workers have lately been put into effect. The eight-hour day, old age pensions, and unemployment insurance have all been established by law, and the workers of Italy today possess many advantages that might well be copied in democratic countries. But these measures were first introduced by Signor Nitti into the Italian parliament, as he himself explained to me.

It was the proprietor of my hotel who first spoke to me of these reforms with a certain heat and obvious sense of personal hardship though in his button-hole he wore the Fascist emblem.

"Everything is done for the workers today," he said. "All the new measures are to the disadvantage of the employers. All our books are examined and our employees receive a definite share of all our profits. They were never so well off before. It is we that are squeezed."

And indeed the change in the condition of the Italian worker, in contrast to what had existed at the time of my

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last visit twenty years ago, was startling. They were uniformly well-fed and neatly dressed and the filth and degradation that was unescapable twenty years ago had almost disappeared. I noticed also a difference in the young girls of the well-to-do classes. They were to me the most striking and the most charming thing in Italy. Everywhere I went I met them, daintily dressed, healthy, normal, self-reliant, going about alone with a superb independence, and perfectly qualified to take care of themselves. They represented to me an Italy new-born. And in still another direction I saw a change for the better. The ill-fed and overworked horses, which had been omnipresent in the old days in Italy, were entirely non-existent. Mussolini had personally ordered that anyone seen driving a suffering or ill-fed horse should lose his license. No such horses are to be seen today.

Everything that is done in Italy that is of any importance is done at Mussolini's personal order. "All his subordinates, newspaper editors as well as public officials, have simply ceased to function independently," a careful observer said to me; "they have suspended the faculty of thought." Even details such as the selection of juries of art is left to the decision of Il Duce. Like the Fascist militiamen, the official world accedes to the dogma that Mussolini is always right.

In every department of Italian life today Mussolini is the arbiter. It was through him alone that the long-projected railroad to Ostia, the ancient sea-port of Rome, was finally built and put into operation, to the delectation of the modern city that flocks to its sands and finds there a healthful and delightful playground. It is to Mussolini, too, that the magnificent electrification of a large portion of the Italian railway system is due. It is by Mussolini's wish that the Roman salute has become the national greeting and at his fiat the boy-scout that shakes hands instead of saluting commits a felony. And by Mussolini's command birth-control has become a crime meriting the severest punishment. For Mussolini is the exponent of the great imperial destiny of modern Italy, the doctrine that carries thousands of Italians who for years have felt in political eclipse, after him. The methods of Fascismo may be abhorrent to them but national pride brings many into the ranks of his supporters, and every department of Italian life today is required to dedicate itself to furthering the imperial ideal. At the industrial conference just concluded this fact was made clear to the group of important captains of industry gathered there. The silk trade must not organize for the advantage of the silk trade. It must organize in order that the silk trade may become an efficient prop in the economy of the Italian nation, and every industry must prepare itself to work with every other industry, for that end alone.

This at least is not a contemptible form of nationalism. There is something fine in its demand for the devotion of every citizen, and the nationalism which finds such expression as that which through posters in every tram-car exhorts the travellers not to swear "for the honor of Italy" has in it something that is undoubtedly worthy of respect.

But can such aims be realized by the will of one man? Is Mussolini, indeed, always right? The National Library at Rome is opened freely to everyone who cares to go there to read or study, save for one small section which can be reached only through special permission from the Minister of the Interior. In this department are filed away all the early speeches and writings of Il Duce!

In the Driftway

WHILE the United States wrestles with the prohibition issue the Drifter gets a message from a friend who has been summering on the English downs:

> Yesterday I went off for a trip alone, taking buses to a point some twelve miles to the west (of the village Steyning) and then walking. At noon one comes to a village inn. Being a gentleman—a fact attested by possession of a walking stick and by naught else—one chooses the door marked "Private Saloon" and enters a small, low room with one or two tables and benches, and pictures on the wall of Sussex landscapes. One goes to the counter with its discreet window in which appears a head—male or female as the case may be—and says: "A half of bitter, please." This one takes to the table by the window, blows off a mess of pipe ashes, and produces a pair of sandwiches from the rucksack. Or if one is really thirsty one gets a pint straight in a huge glass of legal standard and dimension, and this, if taken not too leisurely and before the stomach is quite replenished with food, is pretty sure to have the most gratifying and poetical effects. And so one staggers on.

* * * * *

SOON, the letter goes on to say, another microscopic and forgotten downland village comes in view on the further rise of land, and presently you wander among thatched farmsheds and steadings, in search of the churchyard.

> There it is on its little circular mound just beyond the one tidy and habitable-looking house in the place—the rectory, no doubt. This is old ground. There is the huge yew tree, centuries old, before the entrance porch. The old flint walling is cracked and patched and the mullioned perpendicular windows, their moldings all but washed away by the dissolving rains, are sagged all awry with the steady shifting and settling of the entire fabric which holds them. Not a soul is near, but birds, perhaps, are nesting in that entrance porch and fly forth at your approach.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's correspondent, who happens to be an architect, then continues:

> Most often you descend a step or two onto the stone-paved floor of the nave, as if the structure were indeed in a process of settling itself into the earth, and grass and oak trees would presently be flourishing above the site. But something, if not the actual present work, has endured here now at least a thousand years—possibly a good half of a millennium longer; for these old parish churches are all on sites of sepulture going back before the advent of Christianity. The circular or once circular mounds on which they invariably stand are considered to be the gigantic barrows of Celtic chiefs—they are quite obviously man-made. And these churches are principally places of burial. In here the weather has often spared the carving of the capitals and the great chancel arch, and grotesque, crude heads still leer at you from the corbels. . . . But one must be getting on. There is so much ground to be covered, and if it be not yet two o'clock one can still get another bitter in the licensed cottage down the lane; for thereafter you must be thirsty until 6 p. m. This is the measure of restriction which England has adopted in lieu of prohibition.

* * * * *

THE Drifter recalls one poet who wished to be in England in April. He issues no embargoes on the other months; just now he feels he would like to be in England any time in the year.

THE DRIFTER

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Our Readers and the Campaign

Smith and the Liberals

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial of September 26 "Should Liberals Vote for Smith?" cannot be praised too highly for its conscientious impartiality. Nothing could be finer evidence of integrity in the cause of liberalism than your refusal blindly to sponsor the candidacy of Norman Thomas, who is, undoubtedly (like most things unattainable), more to the heart's desire than Smith. But I do not think you give all the reasons why liberals should vote for Smith; nor do you seem to get the full importance of the reasons you do give. This is due, I believe, to the fact that you do not keep the liberal voter consistently in mind, as evidenced in your opening comment on Mr. Earle's letter. Mr. Earle, you write, "declares that intolerance and bigotry are the controlling issues in this campaign, but to others there are far more important questions, notably that of prohibition, and whether Tammany Hall shall be allowed to enter the White House in the person of Governor Smith." This comment shows fundamental confusion on the point at issue; for who are these "others"? Are they liberals? They cannot be! Because to liberals there are no questions of far more importance than intolerance and bigotry; and, moreover, prohibition is part of that issue as far as liberals are concerned. Mr. Earle was clearly writing from the standpoint of the liberal; and intolerance is always the issue with him.

From the standpoint of the liberal, and only from that standpoint, what advantage is there in having Smith rather than Hoover as our next President?

(1) Smith (you grant) will make over the Supreme Court in a more liberal way than will Hoover. Considering the great powers of the Supreme Court and the fact that justices usually live an uncommonly long time, outlasting several Presidents, is not this reason for Smith of more importance than you give it? Significant reform measures have failed to pass in the Supreme Court in recent years, by one vote. Will it not be a decided gain to have such measures pass—even if by only one vote?

(2) Smith (you again grant) has become the "symbol of tolerance in American life—racial, religious, and social tolerance." Is there anything more important for liberalism than that America should stand behind that symbol, supporting it? Liberals must be fully aware that Smith's failure will not leave us with the status quo; racial and religious enmity will increase by leaps and bounds, reaching, if not surpassing, post-war hysteria. We do not have to guess about this. What happened in Maine?

(3) Smith has brought New York ahead of all other States in social welfare legislation. Social welfare reform has always been close to the heart of liberals. You ignore this third recommendation Mr. Earle brings for Smith.

These three reasons, I thoroughly agree with Mr. Earle, are in themselves sufficient to make every enlightened liberal vote for Smith. And *The Nation* has not presented one cogent argument against this conclusion. The liberal must always seize the opportunities for advancing a step further on the road toward a liberal civilization. If liberals can secure, by one election, a better Supreme Court, better social welfare legislation, and greater religious, social, and racial tolerance (in addition to saving the country from a serious setback in these respects) is it not enough for them? Since when have liberals expected to win all their ends at one swoop? Granting even that Smith is no better (though no worse) than Hoover on national economy, imperialism, and disarmament should any liberal be therefore in doubt as to whether he should vote for Thomas and express his feelings or vote for Smith and do some good? Does any liberal think that even if Thomas were elected he would be able to achieve everything—or even very much? Let liberals reflect on the fate of Ramsay MacDonald and the political deals he made to stay in office! Our national Socialist Party is sufficiently in the realm of the future to be able to be utopian in the present. It can still have a consistent and fine-sounding platform, and its political alliances can still be very chaste. But the platform and alliances will be vastly different whenever that party becomes serious enough to grapple with the real present.

Smith's program you are quite right in saying "everywhere stops short of firing the blood of a true progressive." Smith is not the leader of a progressive party, and to vote for Smith the liberal need not delude himself into believing that he is. Smith is not the liberal candidate; but by means of Smith liberals can make important gains And that is all they should worry about.

New York City, September 24 Joseph Ratner

Thomas and a New Party

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial leaving it to the conscience of each individual Progressive whether to vote for Smith or Norman Thomas states the issue so clearly that I fail to see why you did not urge the support of Thomas. Along with every sensible Progressive, you favor a new party, a labor party, in this country, on the obvious ground that the Democratic and Republican parties are hopeless. The only way to express such an opinion is by voting for Norman Thomas.

A vote for Smith cannot possibly express any desire for a new party, because the vote of a Progressive when given for Smith, is indistinguishable from a vote for Smith because the voter is a Catholic, an hereditary opponent of the Republicans, a wet, an open-shopper and anti-labor man like Raskob or Woodin, or a Tammany supporter and beneficiary like Kenney.

While Smith has enemies which have gained for him the sympathy of some Progressives, those enemies of his are also the enemies of Norman Thomas, and Smith has friends among open shoppers, contractor bosses, and grafting politicians which any honest Progressive would repudiate.

Cambridge, Mass., September 22 Alfred Baker Lewis

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The issue is not tolerance, Professor Earle and many others to the contrary notwithstanding. Does the good professor really believe that, if Smith is elected, the Arkansas swamp-rooter, the Georgia cracker, the Kansas City Rotarian, will as a consequence become more tolerant? Surely he realizes that tolerance is the flowering of a slow and painful growth with deep roots forming a complex social and cultural network, and not the result of a political campaign.

Prohibition is of course not the issue, except as a vote catcher used by cheap politicians. Everyone knows that neither the election of Hoover nor that of Smith will affect in the least the practical problems of prohibition, with its ramifications of bootlegging, raids, smuggling, etc.

Your own editorial points out the real issue—then fails to draw the inescapable conclusion. The real issue is the foundation of a permanent party of the farmers (no fake farm relief) the city workers, and in general, the people of moderate or scanty income, to oppose the domination of the country by great accumulations of capital. The start made in 1924 by the 5,000,000 votes for La Follette should be continued and made permanent. Merely to vote against Hoover is to lose sight of the main issue. To vote for Al Smith because he is a likable human

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being, with glimmerings of social vision, is the acme of futility, for a true progressive. To vote for Norman Thomas, not because he is incomparably superior as a man (a true statesman worthy of the best old American tradition) but because he stands firmly on the real issue, the founding of a party of the masses with a sane and decent program based on the facts of present day economic life—that is to use your vote intelligently, if your liberalism has any solid foundation. A vote of even 3,000,000 for Thomas would do more to clear the path for the alignment that is bound to come ultimately than the election of ten Smiths or the rolling up of millions of votes against Hoover.

New York City, September 21 WILMER T. STONE

Geographical Liberalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Discussion in *The Nation* and elsewhere as to whether liberals should vote for Smith or Thomas lacks reality for one simple reason: it assumes that liberals are all in like situations. Such is far from the case. Some of us live in Louisiana, some in New York, some in Michigan. If you live in Michigan, you waste your vote if you vote for Smith. He hasn't a chance there. If you live in Louisiana you waste your vote no less; Smith is sure of the State's electors no matter what the tiny liberal minority do.

But if you live in New York or Massachusetts, your vote may help to determine whether Smith or Hoover appoints the successor to Mr. Justice Holmes (not to mention the judges of the lower federal courts with their sweeping powers of injunction). To refuse Smith your support in such a case is a serious responsibility. But a few thousand votes for Thomas in Louisiana and Michigan help measurably to give him and his party an impressive showing. Not a single such vote is really wasted; it is a contribution to a realistic division in American political life.

Antioch College, Yellow Springs, O. HORACE B. ENGLISH

Mencken in 1936

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Bravo on two counts: Heywood Broun's article on Hoover's Hypocrisy, and second, the Protestant Menace, both in your issue of October 3. Heywood Broun has been my bible since I started reading him, and your paper seems the proper place for him. In The Protestant Menace, the last sentence reads: "If they (the Protestant bigots) continue, they will make decent people hope, as an object lesson, for the election of a Catholic President in 1928, a Jew in 1932, and an atheist in 1936." Fine stuff! I had it all set that Mencken would be our next President in 1932, but since he fits into the 1936 category, I can afford to be patient and noble and let you have your way in 1932.

Washington, D. C., October 1 GRETCHEN HOOD

Plates Wanted

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My car and I, as we set our wheels upon the State highway and fall into line in the Great Parade, have suddenly become conscious of our nakedness. Can you tell us where we can get a pair of "Thomas for President" plates, one to hang across the radiator, the other to decorate the spare tire? Lacking these, we might get along with a couple of "Faster with Foster" signs. Or we'd risk it with a plain Will Rogers.

Until we can cover our shame we dare not face another Sunday afternoon.

New York, September 25 CEDRIC LONG

The Catholic Menace

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I cannot refrain from expressing my dissent from your position on the Catholic issue in the campaign as illustrated, among others, in the editorial "The Protestant Menace," in the current number. (I am not a Protestant and have no religious connections.) The fallacy throughout your reasoning is your taking for granted that there is nothing fundamentally dangerous in the Catholic system itself. We cannot ascertain the meaning of that system by reading merely Catholic lay writers, unless they have the visible sanction of the highest Catholic officials, the Pope and the highest Catholic pastors, who take their orders directly from him.

The writings of these supreme officials who are alone Catholic authority portray and present the Catholic system as something that is emphatically menacing to human liberty and to this country's choicest principles and ideals. The Protestants who are resisting Smith's election on religious grounds are fighting to preserve these principles, which at other times you and *The Nation* struggle valiantly to protect and preserve.

So it is now these Protestant ministers and laymen who have changed places with you, are doing the work you generally do and ought now to be doing, while you, having switched over to the other side, try to defeat and discredit them. The only extenuation for your desertion of your own principles is your belief, if you do believe it, that the American Catholic laity will not follow and obey the Pope and his enunciation of Catholic principles to their final conclusions. That is a wide departure from *The Nation's* usual critical sagacity and is wholly unwarranted.

Conway, N. H., October 2 MORRISON I. SWIFT

Hoover the Incomparable

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am returning my postal card for *The Nation's* straw vote with a good firm X for Hoover. Does *The Nation* look forward with eagerness to the prospect of the liquor business revived, legalized, monopolized, and handed over to Tammany Hall? As for the immigration question, you carry in the same issue (that of Oct. 3) a regretful wail over the closing of doors to aspiring immigrants, and some statistics about enormous numbers of unemployed workers. Does *The Nation* believe that a hearty invitation to all aspiring immigrants would help the unemployed workers?

I read a large number of editorials on Governor Smith's attitude on farm relief. About half of them stated that he was clearly for the McNary-Haugen bill, half said he was emphatically against it, and one editor said he didn't know exactly where the Governor stood on the question. Does *The Nation* know? Nine years ago a man whose political record is one which *The Nation* would delight to honor and whose political acquaintance is nation-wide was discussing the records and capacities of past Presidents, and said that if it were possible to draft the best mind in the world to our service we had it in Herbert Hoover. "But," he added, "you'll never have a chance to vote for him. The politicians are afraid of his shadow now, and will never let him come within a mile of the nomination." The Republican "Old Guard" didn't want Hoover. His running mate, Senator Curtis, didn't want him. The people forced that nomination. If *The Nation* thinks that Hoover was soiled by his brief association in the Harding Cabinet, with Fall of the oil scandal, what does it think of Smith's nearly life-membership in Tammany? I have heard no indorsement of Fall from Mr. Hoover, but Smith's indorsement of Charles Murphy and of Tammany is unqualified.

Harrington Park, N. J., October 3 MABEL ASHE BELING

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Books, Plays, Music

Prologue to a Reading of Poems

By JAMES RORTY

My Lords and Ladies, lo, the hour is here
Wherein it plainly will appear
Unto this chosen company, this sturdy rout
Of poets, scriveners, and diners-out
Whether or no you showed a lack of wit
In coming here to hearken and to sit
While I immodestly go through again
The ancient ritual of pain,
Brave with the painted masques of mirth
That joins a man unto the earth
And to himself, and to the high gods
Who torture him with silver-singing rods.

This we call art, my friends: to eat
This pain as others eat
Bread, to be denied all else and yet to live
And grow greater than self, and give
The honey of peace, the wine of power;
To give, not share, no, scarce an hour;
Instead to feel the unforgiving scorn
Of the great dead, and the unborn
Heroes, who one day will rise and shout
The words we mutter, and the faiths we flout.

This we call art, my friends. I wish, I'm sure,
It were a thing less exigent, less pure.
We all agreed it is too bad
The lady must be wooed, or else not had.
But that, my friends, is art; it's not too late—
The evening's young—to make another date.
Gut you to a nunnery, my girl, and you, my son,
The loud bassoon has only now begun
To sound within the festive hall
Where you need scarcely feel at all.

What, you would linger? You deserve indeed
A priest less surly, and a greater need
Of loaves and fishes. Mine the sin
If you go hungry. Let the play begin!

An American Pilgrimage

The American Renaissance. By R. L. Duffus. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.

FOR some time now the educational epidemic in this country has been ravaging the provinces of fine and applied arts. Whether the extended infection of American youth by ancient cultures will produce an entirely new kind of living art or merely a new immunity to art seems to be the question that is troubling the prophetic visions of our period. "The American Renaissance" has been written with an intention of discovering some sort of answer. Whatever one may think of American art, about which this book really says nothing at all, one learns that it is being taught almost with hilarity; one realizes, moreover, that this survey of teaching aims and methods is an example of an egregiously expert journalism, so finished as to become itself a kind of *objet d'art.*

Mr. Duffus assures the reader that the inquiries reported in this volume were begun with a definite hope which had been incited and abetted by the program of the Carnegie Corporation of New York City. This ambitious hope was three-fold: first, that there were enough "signs of an esthetic revival in America" to make a search for them worth while; second, that these signs would lead to the discovery of what forms such a revival might take; third, that an itinerant investigation would reveal "what the typical American approach to the arts might be." But lest a reader be frightened by the solemnity of this prophetic undertaking, Mr. Duffus has with engaging charm molded his information into "the record of a more or less random pilgrimage." Thus, his book is not a catalog but a selection of examples vividly presenting the facts, the points of view, the atmosphere, even the possible weaknesses of a variety of educational projects in the arts: fine, applied, professional, communal, musical, and dramatic. This information concerning purposes and methods I have seen recorded in no other book; the contrary nature of the subject matter itself insures amusing reading. But an insidious finish destroys the critical value; in each section Mr. Duffus smooths away the sharp edge of exact analysis by a professional journalist's formulae—dreadfully cheerful congratulation of all concerned upon the enthusiastic and successful *growth* of each institution.

It is a temptation to quote at length from Mr. Duffus's description of the various institutions which he classifies under the epithets "cultural," "practical," and "adventurous." The diversity of aim strikingly illustrates the complex nature of American education in the arts:

> The colleges begin with purely cultural, consciously impractical courses about the fine arts. Little by little, under one pretext or another, the actual practice of the fine arts creeps in. Spokesmen for the universities openly lay claim to the professional art school, as they have done to the professional schools of medicine, law, and engineering. Schools of the crafts approach the fine arts; schools of the fine arts find new value in the workmanlike integrity of the craft schools. Teachers of the arts realize more and more that their work is not half done if they do not enable their students to fit into an actual, industrial, commercial world. Industry feels the need of better design and goes to the art schools to find it. Museums remove the dust from their exhibits.

The contradiction of these enthusiasms, methods, aims raises very embarrassing questions concerning the nature of art itself, the place of the artist in our civilization, the virtue of system in an artist's training as against freedom and adventurous individuality. These questions might indeed have been the substance of a significant book. But Mr. Duffus is so positively open-minded that a flame of reflection has no chance to kindle. This allows him to proceed to the modest but pernicious error of his conclusions.

The aggressive optimism of his faith in esthetic renaissance arises from two pieces of sophistry typical of American illusion concerning our cultural ascendency. In the introduction Mr. Duffus lays the responsibility for what our art will be upon the shoulders of destiny, not upon the body of our conscious critical convictions. To claim that art criticism, as such, has little direct connection with the practice of art is one thing. But to generalize this into the belief that taste has no connection with the practice of art is to empty the notions of art and of culture of their necessary essence: discrimination. The second instance of sophistry occurs in the last two pages of the book. Because the American scene seems to suffer boredom from an over-dose of success in material affairs, and because, as a reaction to this, the activity of art schools is said, by the teachers and artists who talked to Mr. Duffus, to be "intense," he believes that he perceives the dawn of a renaissance. But the assurance is not reasonable. Any conclusion, any prophecy

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about an American renaissance must necessarily arise from more than a record of the quantitative increase in school registration. It must arise logically from some understanding of what we mean by art and an examination of the stuff produced by the schooled artists. There is no definition of art in this book; there is no examination of the stuff going by the name of art. What are the architectural firms about? What are the successful artists doing? What of the esthetic consequences of economic standardization? On these things the book is silent. Enthusiasm, money, intense pedantry or practice in the schools will not answer the question which this book holds as central: "What sort of person the American artist ought to be"—a question which, stated even in these moral terms, searches to the heart of an American cultural enigma.

HENRY LADD

Wholly Mexican

El águila y la serpiente. By Martin Luis Guzmán. Madrid: M. Aguilar.

MEXICO, that much talked-of land, has always been strangely taciturn regarding herself and her problems. The fatalistic impassivity with which she has accepted her tragedies seems to brand protest as unnecessary and even unbecoming. Her code would seem to be that the only fitting rejoinder to outrageous fortune is action, when possible; and when not, patient endurance. The rebuke of Guatemoc, the Aztec chieftain, to one of his nobles who cried out when they were being tortured to reveal the hiding-place of their gold: "I am not in a bed of roses," has in it something symbolic of the attitude of Mexicans in general toward the long and bloody turbulence which has been their history for so many years.

One notices this particularly in her literary production, which is the manifestation by which a foreigner can best judge. Only in a slight degree, as compared with other of the Spanish-American countries, where conditions are partly analogous, has Mexico produced what might be called a political literature. Especially is this in striking contrast with what took place in the Argentine, where for a hundred years every form of literary expression has gravitated about the problem of her crystallizing nationality; and even today, when this has become history, it furnishes the theme of her most valuable works.

The great majority of Mexican poets, essayists, and novelists may be read without ever finding other than the most incidental allusion to the drama in which they live and move and have their being. There is the fragrance of the gardens and pleasaunced lawns of Versailles; Neo-Classicism's mythological re-creations; the conventional piquancy of the Latin Quarter; and, more recently, the ultimate essence of Proust, Joyce, and the "ultraistas," as they are known in Spanish; Russia or the Far East; little of Mexico.

But in "El águila y la serpiente"—on Mexico's flag an eagle clutches a writhing serpent—from the pen of a hitherto unknown journalist, Mexico contributes a description of the most dramatic and sensational episode of her revolution—that featuring Pancho Villa—which is at the same time a great book, one of the best, perhaps, that has been written in Spanish America. It immediately invites comparison with that masterpiece of the Argentine, Sarmiento's "Facundo"; one and the other center around the figure of a guerrilla leader, whether patriot or bandit or a mixture of both, one is at a loss to know. (If Guzmán can think only of a jaguar when he meets Villa for the first time, Facundo Quiroga was known as the "tiger of the plains," and there must have been many other points of resemblance between them.) But whereas Sarmiento's book is a passionate invective against a state of affairs and those he believes responsible for it, neither present-day esthetics nor the Mexican temperament favor diatribes. In keeping with the modern sensibility, Guzmán's book is all in a muted tone; there is a certain detached aloofness, as of not wanting to attach too much importance to anything, even in his moments of deepest impression. In this volume of intimate history Guzmán has employed, with singular felicity, the cinematographic technique of the new literature. He has attempted no rigid sequence of events, nor has the book any apparent central plan. A series of episodes succeed one another, each complete in itself, and yet together giving the substance of the Mexican revolution from the assassination of Madero to the taking of Mexico City by the Zapatistas. Guzmán was active in the revolution against Victoriano Huerta, served in the early government of Carranza, became a part of the conspiracy against Carranza. The pages are a series of conspiracies, assassinations, treachery, and terror; and yet the author's detachment, and indifference to his own danger, and a certain reckless gaiety—almost infantile at moments—which a prolonged state of revolution always engenders lend a lightness to what would otherwise be a record of horror.

But the author's attitude is leagues removed from callousness toward the brutalities he witnesses. Quite the contrary: here is a sensitive, generous man who entered the revolution filled with idealism. The book is as much a record of his own disillusionment as of his country's; against the vain pomposity of Carranza, the formless energy and ferocity of Villa, the sly treachery of self-seeking politicians, and the dumb, animal aspirations of the Zapatistas—in spite of many who are imbued with the author's own generosity—his illusions crumble, and his only refuge is flight. One feels with him an infinite anxiety at the end when almost by a miracle he has escaped from Villa's wrath, and the train creeps haltingly along the neglected roadbed. "Mexico is so big. Still 1400 kilometres to the border."

It is very difficult to understand anything so deep, so complicated and so aggravated as Mexico's revolution. (It is and always has been *one* revolution.) But in "El águila y la serpiente" one feels it, and this is an important step toward understanding. Not merely the events and the characters are Mexican; the whole tone of the book, its restraint, its irony, the good taste with which even the most gruesome episodes are recorded, its subtle humor, and the impassivity before referred to, stamp it as indelibly Mexican.

HARRIET V. WISHNIEFF

Three Novels

The Invader. By Hilda Vaughan. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.
Mrs. Condover. By John Metcalf. Boni and Liveright. $2.50.
The Gallant Came Late. By Marian Storm. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

MRS. WOOLF observed recently that although nothing sounds easier than to write with the nuances and the amiably confidential tone of conversation, one has only to try the trick to discover how unexpectedly difficult it is. Similarly, nothing would seem easier than to convey the heat and immediacy of feeling to paper. If a writer can do nothing else, people often say, he can at least convey his own strong emotions strongly to us. Hence the popular misconception that there is at least one real book in every person. But as I plow through the many new novels that have reached my desk this fall, I conclude that it is quite as difficult to convey emotion in words as it is to write naturally. Every human being manages to feel with some degree of violence a number of times in his life. In youth most of us feel with such uncomfortable violence so much of the time that we are almost relieved when we find ourselves sliding into the less ruffled waters of maturity, and even these whip themselves up all too often into tropical hurricanes. A writer is presumably a human being whose emotions are even more violent than those of other men, since they harry him into the considerable labor of literary composition; and presumably a writer, when casting about for a subject, selects one that has

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aroused or can arouse keen feeling in him. Yet the general run of novels fail completely to retain any of the heat that must have been present at their inception.

These three stand out from among the undistinguished many chiefly because each of them is passionate and real in its own way. The idealistic doctor and the charming girl who float on the surface of Hilda Vaughan's tale might have been manufactured by any well-disposed romanticist; but the tempestuous, avaricious, ruthless love of her Welsh farmers for their bleak mountain soil is conveyed with a passionate realism that makes the book notable. There is no easy romantic ink in the pen that draws Daniel Evans for us. We see him with all his sins on his head, sly, unctuous, when slyness and unction help his cause, sensuous, a wistful stranger to love and friendship, but, because of his courage, his passionate persistence, his resourcefulness, deserving nevertheless his proud title of king of the countryside.

John Metcalf's grimy London suburb seems equally full of deep if not always intelligible feeling, but the critics who have compared the unhappy love affair of Mr. Metcalf's Kenneth with that of Philip in "Of Human Bondage" are wide of the mark. The reader leaves Somerset Maugham's great book with the feeling that he has spent some weeks floating in an open boat on a turgid flood-swollen stream. The reader also leaves Mrs. Condover with a sense of being dazed and lost. But in the first book he has floated on a stream of vexed and vexing emotion. In the second he has wandered about lost in the unnecessary opacities of the author's presentation of a simple tale. Mrs. Condover never emerges as the malignant figure she was clearly intended to be. She is simply a very old friend who makes the headlines in our papers with almost tiresome regularity, the woman who has been taught to regard the natural joys of the body as sinful, and who for a time discovers a satisfactory substitute in emotional religion, only to find herself presently staring in horror at the same sin again. Lost in the shadows of Mr. Metcalf's book there are, however, various people whom we know would be interesting if he could, for a moment, manage to get them into the light. And there is a constant undertone of moody passion that makes one go on reading from page to page.

"The Gallant Came Late" arouses a special tenderness in me. The story of the little dreaming girl and her lonely father in the house on the Carolina mountain side is charmingly told. To be sure there were never a father and daughter since time began who were quite so continuously and exquisitely considerate of each other; yet the tale as it is told conjures up such a relationship as it seems in retrospect, and so preserves its inner truth.

This book also might have been called "The Invader," for it portrays the power of love to overturn completely everything that had seemed to have value in a life before its appearance. This is a theme that has never been adequately developed, and Miss Storm's story is, interiorly again, profoundly true. It seems to me a pity that the concrete episodes she has hit upon to develop this theme should have such a false, almost movie-like atmosphere about them. It seems to me quite unthinkable that the girl we know in the first part of the book should have thrown her talent and her little fortune away in order to maintain a luxurious apartment and to overdress herself for a lover who didn't even demand such a sacrifice from her. One questions at once the genuineness of the talent that is so caverlierly sacrificed, one questions the reality of the great voice teacher who would banish one of her most promising pupils for a single disobedience, one questions the quickness with which Allard decided to prevent the birth of her child, and one questions even more the violence of her grief once the deed was done. But one does not question the genuineness of the experience Miss Storm has tried to dramatize with these unfortunately chosen episodes or the genuineness of her talent.

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Books in Brief

European Diplomats at Work

British Documents on the Origin of the War, 1898-1914. Volume III: *The Testing of the Entente, 1904-1906.* Edited by G. P. Gooch and Harold Temperley. London: His Majesty's Stationery Office. 10/6.

In this third volume of the British war documents, covering the period when the Anglo-French agreement was young and the Morocco dispute was looming upon the European consciousness, little but amplified detail is added to the understanding of British policy. It was a period of trying out the ground; and the difficulties of diplomacy are illustrated in the conflicts of opinion within the Foreign Office. Sir Eyre Crow's bitter marginal comments upon documents relatively friendly to Germany are often as amusing as they are enlightening.

Survey of International Affairs: 1925. Volume I: *The Islamic World Since the Peace Settlement.* By Arnold J. Toynbee. Volume II: By C. A. Macartney and others. *Supplement: Chronology of International Events and Treaties, January 1, 1920-December 31, 1925.* Compiled by V. M. Boulter. Oxford University Press, American Branch. Prices, $8.50 and $4.25 respectively.

The Royal Institute of International Affairs is making itself useful to the rest of the world. The factual summaries of these annual "Surveys" are invaluable to the serious student of international politics; although, perhaps, future volumes might usefully pay more attention to the economic developments which in the long run shape politics. Possibly the quotation from a New Orleans business man introduced into the discussion of Mexican affairs—"No nobler ideal was ever conceived by mortal man than to raise up ten millions of people to the point where they've gotten purchasing power"—is a step in this direction. Inevitably, prepared in England, these volumes have betrayed a certain European bias; the 1925 issue is the first to include a section on the New World. Wisely, no effort is made to limit the ground covered to the date of the volume; the histories of the Locarno pacts, of the Chinese Eastern Railway, of the Shanghai dispute in the volume for 1925 go back a decade and are carried forward in some cases to 1927. Mr. Toynbee's volume on the Islamic World goes back half a century in explaining the abolition of the Ottoman caliphate, and his story of events on the north coast of Africa covers the entire post-war period.

A History of European Diplomacy, 1914-1925. By R. B. Mowat. Longmans, Green and Company. $6.25.

Save for bits of personal description or characterization here and there, Mr. Mowat's book is dry reading, but as it is fairly comprehensive, well arranged, and literally crammed with facts, it should on that account be very useful to any one who needs to refresh his memory regarding the period with which it deals. The author's point of view may be gathered from his praise of Sir Edward Grey; his smug assertion that the publication of the famous White Paper of August, 1914, "placed the policy of Great Britain in a clear light and created a conviction in the rightness of her actions which nothing has transpired to dim"; his patronizing remark, apropos of the controversy over contraband of war, that "the British navy has always been something of a dominating (only unfriendly critics would say domineering) influence on the high seas," and that "on this account the people of the United States, who have a fine naval tradition, have always scrupulously examined the attitude of the British navy toward their shipping, and have been, quite naturally, a little sensitive about it"; his acclaim of Venizelos as a great statesman who, "as far as a historian can judge . . . has always been right"; his amazing statement

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that the Treaty of Versailles "contained a fairer adjustment of territories than had previously existed," and his description of Chicherin at the Genoa conference as looking like "a clever bourgeois . . . something saturnine, watchful, and uneasy about his countenance . . . sometimes sanctimonious, always a little insolent." The book is dedicated to the president and faculty of the University of Wisconsin, from which fact it may apparently be inferred that the substance of the book was originally delivered as lectures at that institution. If it was, we are reluctant to believe that the audience got altogether what it expected.

The Drafting of the Covenant. By David Hunter Miller. Putnam. 2 vols. $15.

Every phrase or mere word of the Covenant of the League of Nations is here traced through the session of the commission which coposed it, to Wilson's, House's, Lord Phillimore's original drafts or the later insertions, additions, and compromises of French, Italian, British, and American experts. It is a work of microscopic scholarship, infinitely documented, a minute medical record of the birth-throes of an international constitution.

Music

Munich and Salzburg

AS music-drama the first act of "Tristan" at Munich was much better than at Bayreuth, and in fact something of an achievement. The setting had appropriate strength and sombre magnificence of coloring, where the Bayreuth setting had been pretty and fussy. And there were the same strength and color, in place of the customary white, in the costuming of Isolde, who in addition was played by a woman of regal stature, Elizabeth Ohms. Again, the very roughness of the orchestra, its faster tempos, might be taken as dramatic vigor. But in the second act the musical weakness of the participants resulted in disaster. Under Knappertsbusch the orchestra sounded at times like a routed army, and was badly out of tune, with the horns off-stage producing only indistinguishable wheezes.

I fled to Salzburg, only to be entertained by the dismal sputter of damp powder. The Festival began this year with a visit of the Leningrad Opera Studio, the name of which promised great things, but which in fact gave performances that were pretty awful, except for the singing of two basses and of a remarkable contralto named Presbajenskaya. Thus, the only good performance technically—of Mozart's "Bastien et Bastienne"—was bad nevertheless because it was wrong: it took the form of an amateurs' rehearsal which in effect poked fun *at* the opera instead of projecting the humor *in* it.

Of the customary performances by the Vienna Opera forces there is a different story to tell. I heard first the famous production of "Fidelio" with Lotte Lehmann, conducted by Schalk. This production, it turned out, deserved its fame, but not because of Lehmann—the quality of whose singing was beautiful but not remarkable, and who exhibited only annoying operatic conventions as an actress—nor indeed because of any individual. The very fact that there was no outstanding personality in the company, except perhaps Richard Mayr, may be the reason for the peculiar excellence of the performance, its dramatic and musical unity: the principals seemed willing and accustomed to work together and to be taught the details of the conductor's musical conception. This was also true, of course, of the orchestra, the Vienna Philharmonic (which is also the orchestra of the opera company), whose playing was easily the biggest single contribution to the performance. These

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observations can be repeated for the other performances conducted by Schalk that I heard: of Mozart's "Magic Flute," which, I should add, suffered from cumbersome staging and an inadequate Queen of the Night; and of Schubert's Mass in E flat. In all of Schalk's performances one was presented with the results of the pains that had been taken in preparing them; one felt that Schalk himself was no longer necessary, that the orchestra, with its own understanding and his training, could play as well without him.

The performances of Bruno Walter, on the contrary, after all preliminary rehearsal, were delivered white-hot; and quite apart from this were the finest I heard at Salzburg. Under him the orchestra showed what it was capable of: in a brilliant performance of Schubert's C major symphony, an equally fine performance of the "Unfinished," a performance of the Rosamunde music that had to be heard to be believed, but above all in the performance of Mozart's "Cosí fan tutte." I had no ears for the singers, and certainly no eyes for the shabby set. My attention was claimed by Walters riant, alert, unobtrusively pointed accompaniment with orchestra and, on occasion, with piano. He does not conduct all music equally well (who does?); I am told that Kleiber surpasses him in the bigger Mozart, and indeed that Richard Strauss surpasses everyone; but a "Cosí fan tutte" better than Walter's I cannot conceive of.

A few of the advance reports, then, I found exaggerated. Such reports have caused us to import musicians who have disappointed us; they therefore deserve and reward discussion. In general it is not the single judgment of a critic that is perplexing, but his pair of judgments; in particular it is not the warmth over a Gertrude Kappel or a Lotte Lehmann, but that a critic should speak as warmly of them as he did formerly of greater artists. It is not surprising—in the absence of greater conductors and in view of his own actual competence, the more favorable conditions under which he works in Europe, the very nature of his limitations of repertoire and style—that in central Europe Furtwaengler should be considered a greater conductor than he turned out to be in New York; what is surprising is that people should consider him fabulous ("fabelhaft") who have heard the truly fabulous conductors of the past. It is not surprising that some should find Knappertsbusch fabulous; what is bewildering is that it should be the person who has just used the adjective of Furtwaengler and who, on the other hand, is able to appreciate how poor Von Hoesslin is. Again, those who value Beethoven and Mozart should not find much nourishment in Pfitzner or Bruckner; and certainly if, as it turns out, they are merely fascinated, as Germans are apt to be, by formalistic intricacies, they should not rate Bruckner higher than Brahms.

It is the reasons for all this, when one can discover them, that are interesting. We Americans cannot appreciate Pfitzner, runs the argument, because his is the expression of something essentially German. At the same time, in the case of the conductors, we are told the sad story of the perversion of German music—Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann—which is national, by Jewish musicians who are international. In other words, the great common virtue of Furtwaengler and Knappertsbusch is that they are German and not Jews. (We must, we are told, hear Knappertsbusch conduct not Wagner but Beethoven; and similarly most of the third-raters turn out to be first-rate only in Bruckner). But since we do appreciate the Germans Beethoven and Schubert we should be able to appreciate the German Pfitzner; and if instead we find Pfitzner sterile, it cannot be merely because he is German. Furthermore, if we appreciate Beethoven and Schubert, the theory of music being national begins to look slightly cock-eyed; and it looks worse when we remember how Koussevitzky conducts Debussy, Monteux or Goossens conducts Stravinsky's "Sacre," Toscanini conducts Wagner, and the international Bruno Walter conducts the German Schubert or Mozart. And what, may I ask, is there essentially German about Mozart?

B. H. HAGGIN

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Drama

A Cowards' League for Peace

PLAYS about the war have generally beat the big drum. Whether militantly patriotic or aggressively non-resistant they have celebrated the heroic virtues and they have done scant justice to those numerous Americans whose disinclination to be shot was due less to the high moral fervor of the theoretical pacifist than to a simple and quite understandable preference for the pleasures of a quiet life. On the whole, literature has not concerned itself enough with the many quite agreeable people who have no taste for martyrdom upon any altar and it is for this reason that I hail "The War Song" (National Theater), whose chief virtue lies just in the fact that it dares to choose such a man as its unheroic hero.

When the war broke out Eddie Rosen (ingratiatingly played by Mr. George Jessel) "plugged" the patriotic ditties of tin-pan alley in the various vaudeville houses of this city because song plugging was his business, but he was far more interested in the welfare of a nice old Jewish mother and in the charms of one Sally Moss than in the various abstractions which were supposed to take precedence over them. He knew that he would be a bad soldier and, after the draft board drew his name, a bad soldier he was—amiably incompetent, completely unheroic, and miserably out of place. His companions liked him and so did the officers, whom he obligingly helped back to their quarters when they were too drunk to find their own way, but the guard-house knew him well and on the eve of a battle he was far more likely to be thinking of the troubles in the flat back home than of the alleged outrages perpetrated by the Huns in Belgium. Finally, the last act discovers him safely a prisoner behind the German lines, but his mother is dead and his sweetheart has defected. Decidedly he had not been much good to War and decidedly War had not been much good to him. He was, the heroic would say, not big enough for it, but the fact remains that he was a considerably more likable human being than many who were.

Now "The War Song" is not a great play. In the first place, pathos, upon which it chiefly depends for its effect, is one of the least satisfactory sentiments upon which drama can depend because, even when it is frequently relieved by comedy, as in this case it is, it leaves the spectator somehow let down, and it is incapable of producing that tonic effect which makes either comedy or tragedy exhilarating. The present play does, moreover, frequently skirt near the edge of obvious sentimentality and it is marred by occasional lapses into the manner of the sob-story. But it is both honest and intelligent at bottom, and to me it suggested a project which I shall now unfold.

Opponents of war have always proposed to prevent it by an appeal to various human virtues. They have urged that the effort be directed toward making men more intelligent, on the one hand, and, on the other, more inclusive in the love which they bear toward their fellow man. But all the virtues, and particularly that of intelligence, are very difficult to cultivate wholesale and they are, moreover, always sensitive to various specious appeals like that of the war "to end war" or "to save civilization from the barbarians." Personally, therefore, I very much fear that the human race will never be good enough or intelligent enough to refrain from fighting, but fortunately there are various vices which ought to be easily cultivatable and equally effective. Indolence, cowardice, and love of ease certainly promote peace and certainly none is rare. For one martyr willing to lose his life in the interests of international good-will or even to undergo the discomforts of prison for the sake of making a spectacular protest, there are hundreds who would be glad to indulge a harmless selfishness if only they were given proper encouragement. Perhaps, after all, the real hope lies rather with the Eddie Rosens than with those who have only their nobility to guide them when the trumpet calls. I propose, therefore, a Cowards' League for Peace, international in scope, and with membership open to all those who for any reason, good or bad, will promise to keep out of all armies whenever possible by whatever means they can. It will appeal to many who are not conspicuously intelligent or even particularly noble, but it is numbers that count either in making an army or destroying it. Our patron saint will be, not Tolstoi or Gandhi or anyone like them, but the poet Horace, for when Horace threw down his shield at Philippi and ran away he did so not at all because he was an internationalist but simply because he had a great disinclination to dying. As for our slogan, I suggest either "Cowards Arise!" or, if that be considered to embody a paradox, then "Cowards Lie Down!" —anywhere and behind anything that happens to be handy.

Among the other new plays of the week the most amusing is "When Crummles Played," presented by the new English repertory company at the Garrick Theater. The Crummles referred to is that traveling impresario who appears in "Nicholas Nickleby," and the present performance includes a burlesque presentation of "George Barnwell" done more or less in the manner of the "Fashion" revival. It is staged with considerable spirit and it is quite entertaining. "Elmer the Great" (Lyceum Theater) is the baseball play which is attributed to Ring Lardner but which Mr. Lardner professes not to recognize in the present version. It was probably very good in the original form but something of a mess as it now stands, for Mr. Cohan has transformed the ivory-headed pitcher into a hero and replaced most of the original satire with homely sentiment. "Chee Chee" (Mansfield Theater) is a lavish musical comedy which concerns itself with the emotions of the Son of the Grand Eunuch just before promotion to his father's important office.

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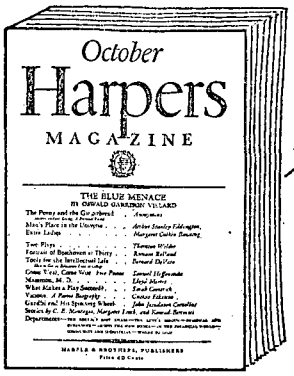

their own thinking

THE leading article in Harpers Magazine for October will bring joy to the readers of the NATION however it may be reviled in certain quarters. For in "The Blue Menace," Oswald Garrison Villard scores the bigotry that burns in thousands of our leading citizens, making them oppose all liberal thought under the cloak of patriotism.

In fact, the whole October number is significant. Look carefully at the titles below. The variety is impressive, and the subjects are not only varied but important. Each month, Harpers Magazine presents a miscellany of reading that reflects the eager energetic modern mind. Particularly the Harper readers whose chief characteristic appears to be a combination of intellectual curiosity and a strong distaste for the second-rate.

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International Relations Section

The United States as Guardian of Europe

THE following article from *L'Echo de la Bourse* of Brussels expresses a significant reaction to the Kellogg Pact and to the increasing power of the United States in European affairs:

The Kellogg pact had hardly been signed when Mr. Briand saw himself compelled to speak to the Germans at Geneva in an extremely frank language, so frank that the German press now places the Quay d'Orsay statesman in the same category with Mr. Poincaré. This famous pact, far from marking a turning point in history—just remember the frightful outpourings of poetic enthusiasm on the part of certain French papers—leaves nations and men with their traditional interests, their appetites, instincts, grudges, and vices.

After all, only one thing interests us: Will it have any effect? Our conviction is that its only effect will be of a psychological order. This is quite evident, as material penalties are not provided and as the "law of peace" only calls for lofty adjectives and adverbs. The Kellogg pact is an instrument of propaganda; it works for peace by the method of suggestion. That is a method to which risks are attached.

Mr. Henri Lambert, whose audacious studies of political economy are well known and who has always thoroughly penetrating views, tells us that he does not share our opinion, but at the same time he presents the Kellogg pact to us in a very crude light. His communication deserves to be placed before our readers. It reads as follows:

"The Kellogg pact will, in my opinion, and contrary to the opinion expressed by the *Echo de la Bourse*, not have any effect as a moral undertaking, at least if only the *direct consequences* are considered. Taken in itself, the mutual promise of the nations never again to make war on each other (although they have not been able to solve to their mutual satisfaction any of the grave questions which profoundly divide them) is the most flagrant childishness and stupidity to which diplomats, statesmen, and princes have ever subscribed in the course of human history. But considered in its *indirect consequences*—and apparently altogether overlooked—the Kellogg pact has an importance that cannot be over-estimated: *it assures in an absolute manner the peace of Europe for many years to come.* The astonishing part is that no statesman, no political writer of the Old and the New World, has pointed this out. It does not seem to have dawned on them at all.

"As a matter of fact, it is inconceivable that in future the United States should lend its financial, industrial, and commercial assistance, in the shape of credit or supplies of provisions, arms, and ammunition, to a nation or nations that are aggressors. And it is almost as inconceivable that they should refuse this assistance to the victims of aggression. Now in Europe there will for a long time be no nation, not even England, capable of facing a war in which it would meet as adversary the financial, industrial, and commercial power of the United States.

"The Government of the United States has thus become the supreme arbiter of European international politics. For it is clear that in its eyes the aggressor will always and inevitably be the nation which it considers in the wrong, and the victim will always be the nation, rightly or wrongly, which it considers in the right. Geneva will always be careful not to be at cross-purposes with the American Government, and, furthermore, the latter would entirely disregard Geneva's opinion. Europe is thus under guardianship. The 'great statesmen' of Europe have thus been caught in the trap which worthy Mr. Kellogg has quite innocently set for them. The pacific destiny of the European peoples is thus fixed under the financial hegemony of America. We have to live under the rule of this 'Pax Americana.'

"Is this an evil?

"If only a month ago somebody had done me the honor of asking my opinion as to the problem of peace, I should have replied that the solution could only be found in *Free-Trade*. I might have added that lacking such a solution, lacking the real 'peace by right,' there remained the 'peace by might.' Now, what has happened? Instead of having followed the road of economic and free-trade pacification, Europe sees its international problem settled by the financial power of America. It is true that this settlement by financial power is preferable to any settlement by military force. But, all the same, it is a great humiliation, particularly for our leaders and great politicians.

"As a matter of fact, Europe was incapable of saving itself by its own will and its own means. Not one of these statesmen, not one of the political writers, not even one of the economists and sociologists, seems to have had the least idea of the three great questions, questions of life and death, with which Europe is confronted: the question of international relations, that of social relations, that of the organization of parliamentary democracy. That explains the constant and patent failure whenever they face any of these problems.

"It is therefore a good thing, desirable and necessary, that Europe was placed under guardianship. Evidently the American statesmen and leaders know no more about this than ours. Manifestly they see even less clearly the true conditions of stability and progress of civilization. But they will be politically honest. (I say 'politically' and add that in purely European questions their impartiality may be admitted.)

"My conclusion is that, particularly with regard to the small nations like Belgium, it will be better to live under the tutelary direction and supervision of the United States than under those of France, Germany, or even of England.

"After all, the main thing is that peace in Europe is assured for a long time to come. Let us hope that in the meantime the statesmen and great politicians of Europe and America will see the problem clearly—an elementary problem for anyone facing it in a spirit of truth and justice—without considering the dangerous ineptitudes now in favor at Geneva, as, for instance, 'peace by disarmament' or peace 'through application of the treaties in force.'

"HENRI LAMBERT

"P.S.—Among other exigencies the United States will probably in the end proclaim that of the open door and of equality of rights in the colonies elsewhere and they even may admit it in their own colonies. This would indeed be a great step forward."

The interpretation of our esteemed correspondent appears to us interesting principally because it corresponds to the impression, to the unexpressed sentiment, of millions of Europeans. The United States does not want any more war in Europe: that is the origin of everything. They tell us so very politely, proposing to us a pact which all nations sign on the footing of the most perfect equality. But as a matter of fact, they "impose" peace upon us. They fear our incapacity to establish it ourselves and they intervene with authority. It cannot be denied that the Kellogg pact is the affrmation of their guardianship.

Beneficent guardianship? Yes, in principle. As a matter of fact, the American nation is guided by interested motives. What will happen if these motives change? There lies the danger. Preparing for that day the European nations should organize peace on a European plan and should show themselves

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The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1928.

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County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor and publisher of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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sufficiently strong and capable to maintain it by their own forces—even against the United States.

The fact that both Europe and America are protectionist involves us in a vicious circle. We will get away from it if we allow the Kellogg pact to develop its psychological effects. It has a virtue of propaganda. It reinforces a movement of opinion the force of which is not negligible. Let us hope that it will induce the peoples of Europe to ponder their humiliation and to seek peace in the suppression of the *causes* of war!

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>
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> 2. All male blood relatives of the head of the state having attained the age of sixteen.
> 3. The prime minister and other secretaries of state, as well as all under and assistant secretaries of state.
> 4. All male representatives elected by the nation for legislative work, except such members as voted openly against said armed conflict.
> 5. All bishops and prelates, or ecclesiastics of similar rank, of the nation's Christian and other churches who failed publicly to oppose such armed conflict.
>
> The above enlistments as privates are for the duration of the war and are enforced in disregard of the individual's age or condition of health, upon which the military medical officers will pass *after* enlistment.
>
> The wives, daughters, and sisters of the above-mentioned persons shall be conscripted as simple nurses or servants for the duration of the war for service only at the front as near actual hostilities under fire as dressing stations or field hospitals are established.

Contributors to This Issue

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois is editor of the *Crisis*.

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